

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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## FORCING AN ANTI-CLERICAL POLICY IN MEXICO: PRESIDENT CALLES—A PORTRAIT BY OSWALD BIRLEY.

"There is little doubt," says a "Times" correspondent, "that the more advanced anti-clerical policy at present agitating Mexican society to its foundations had its inception in the mind of President Plutarco Elias Calles." The Mexican Government, it may be recalled, recently issued a decree declaring that all priests must be of Mexican birth, abolishing monastic orders, forbidding instruction by priests in schools, depriving the churches of all interest in real estate, and declaring illegal all priestly

political associations. Thereupon the Mexican Episcopate declared a "strike" of priests, and a Catholic boycott of the Government ensued. The Catholics refused a compromise proposal to hand over the churches to local committees, and, as a result, 20,000 churches were closed on August 1. Disorder and bloodshed followed. President Calles is the leader of Mexican Liberalism and champion of the peon against the landowner. He was elected President for 1925-9 by an immense majority.

FROM THE PAINTING BY OSWALD BIRLEY. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOME little time ago everybody was joining in jubilant congratulations to Mr. Bernard Shaw upon his birthday, in defiance of the fact that he once announced, with something amounting to fury, that he never kept his birthday. But everybody agreed, for that occasion only, to say nothing but nice things about him, and everybody did say very nice things about him, until he began to show signs of saying something himself. Then he was hastily suppressed by the authorities of the British Broadcasting Company, who refused to disseminate his speech in returning thanks for all these compliments.

Everybody naturally thought this was rather odd, and, on inquiries being made, the authorities explained that they had asked Mr. Bernard Shaw to promise not to say anything controversial about politics. If they had only broadcast their own request, it might have been almost as good a joke as any made by Mr. Bernard Shaw. The notion of telling anybody who is known throughout the world for holding certain opinions that of course he would not even allude to those opinions in speaking to people who had only come together because they agreed with those opinions—that is something much funnier than anything that the Little Ones are likely to hear from Uncle Caractacus. Even Mr. Bernard Shaw himself would have found it difficult to say anything funnier in reply to it.

But though the laughter that greeted this extraordinary exhibition has now long died away, and though I only take it as a text as I might take some strange historical incident of witch-smelling or Puritan persecution, it leaves behind it a question that has never been quite adequately answered. Mr. Shaw himself did indeed once answer it, in my opinion, pretty adequately. He was asked to address a debating society which (like a multitude of other debating societies) declared that its rules permitted the discussion of everything "except politics and religion."

To which Mr. Shaw very properly replied, "I never discuss anything except politics and religion." I will venture, with all humility, to make the same boast. I also never discuss anything except politics and religion. There is nothing else to discuss.

But there does remain a certain practical problem which is not without interest, and sometimes not without difficulty. It might be described as the difficulty of what is exactly meant by a speech or statement being "controversial." Does it mean something about which there is a controversy, or something about which there could be a controversy, or something about which there ought not to be a controversy? It is like the old debates on denominational and undenominational religion. To begin with, it is obvious that whether what we say to somebody is provocative or no does not depend on ourselves; it does not depend even on what we say; it depends upon whom we say it to.

There is a story about the Tsar of Russia giving the kiss of peace to the sentry outside his palace, as was the democratic custom of that despotic régime. In doing so he observed ritually, "He is risen," and the soldier (who happened to be a Moslem) replied

respectfully, "So they say." There is an example of a remark which was entirely uncontroversial in the sense that it assumed unanimity. But the unanimity is not always there when it is assumed. And as the opinion of communities changes slowly, and generally in a very patchy way, it is very difficult to say at any moment whether a general agreement can be assumed or not. And this condition is making a vast amount of confusion in the world just now.

People are distracted with something much worse than disagreement; with an assumption of agreement—which does not exist. They do the precise contrary of what is called agreeing to differ. They differ in their version of how they agree. It is not a conflict of controversial things. It is a conflict of self-evident things; only the same things are not self-evident to the same people. No clean-cut controversy, in which each side recognises the other as an antagonist, could possibly be so bewildering—or so embittering. No crash of colliding paradoxes could hurt the human mind so much as this blind collision of unconscious commonplaces; this tangle of contradictory truisms. If I

his bald head bent modestly over his-manuscript lecture, and has not the least idea that he is really hurling bombs about like a Bolshevik. Nor can any persuasion of ours convince him afterwards how bold and brilliant he has been. He cannot believe how deeply he has moved us. He does not realise how often he has courted death.

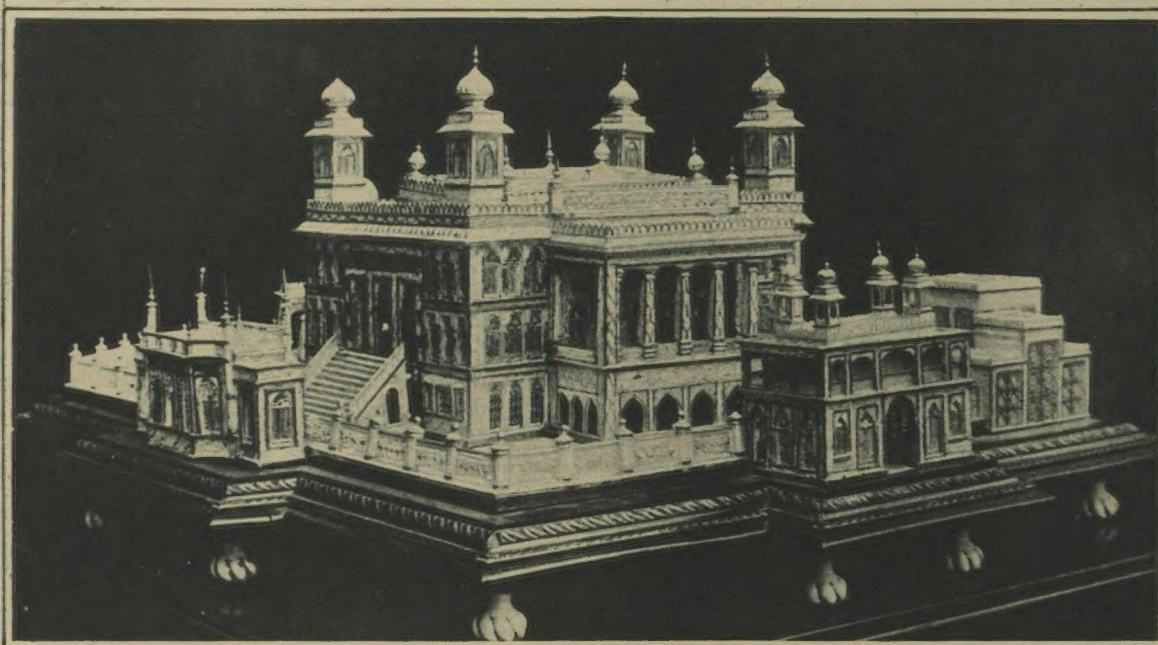
The B.B.C. has broadcast any number of speeches on any number of subjects, on which it is quite impossible for anyone to speak without expressing opinions that are widely controverted. But the case grows worse and worse every day, as more and more principles come in practice to be controverted. For the secular society of to-day is sceptical not merely about spiritual assumptions, but about its own secular assumptions. It has not merely broken the church window or besieged the tower of tradition; it has also kicked away the ladder of progress by which it had climbed. The Declaration of Independence, once the charter of democracy, begins by saying that certain things are self-evident. If we were to trace the history of the American mind from Thomas

Jefferson to William James, we should find that fewer and fewer things were self-evident, until at last hardly anything is self-evident. So far from it being self-evident to the modern that men are created equal, it is not self-evident that men are created, or even that men are men. They are sometimes supposed to be monkeys muddling through a transition stage before the Superman.

But there is not only doubt about mystical things; not even only about moral things. There is most doubt of all about rational things. I do not mean that I feel these doubts, either rational or mystical; but I mean that a sufficient number of modern people feel them to make unanimity an absurd assumption. Reason was self-evident before Pragmatism. Mathematics were self-evident before Einstein. But this scepticism is throwing

thousands into a condition of doubt, not about occult but about obvious things. We shall soon be in a world in which a man may be howled down for saying that two and two make four, in which furious party cries will be raised against anybody who says that cows have horns, in which people will persecute the heresy of calling a triangle a three-sided figure, and hang a man for maddening a mob with the news that grass is green.

Needless to say, it is not necessary to see so far into the future of the modern confusion to see the absurdity of things like the veto on "Politics and Religion." Nothing of importance can be separated entirely from its social effect, which is politics, or from its ultimate value, which is religion. Those who invented the veto, of course, were really men who had no religion and no politics; but only a tribal terror of the Sabbath and a curious sort of barbaric game, played by two gangs wearing different coloured badges. They naturally wanted a little rest from the terror and the tussle, and invented debating clubs where they could talk of other things and keep their temper. But even there, if they really begin to talk about things, they are liable to be cut off abruptly, like the broadcasting of Mr. Bernard Shaw.



DESIGNED FOR THE INDIAN POTENTATE RECENTLY REPORTED TO HAVE RECEIVED AN "ULTIMATUM" FROM THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA: A SILVER MODEL OF A NEW £350,000 MARBLE PALACE AT DELHI PLANNED FOR THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.

The Nizam of Hyderabad (of whom a photograph is given on page 279), was recently reported to have received an "ultimatum" from the Government of India regarding certain elements of alleged misrule in his dominions, including corruption, the practice of demanding *nazars* (presents from an inferior to a superior), and the sequestration of estates. Pending any official statement, a warning was published that such reports should be received with caution, and a communiqué issued by the Nizam's Government described them as "wild and baseless rumours." "The real facts are," it added, "that, certain departments being in need of reforms and improvement, the Government of India invited the attention of the Nizam's Government and offered friendly advice."—[Photograph by P. and A.]

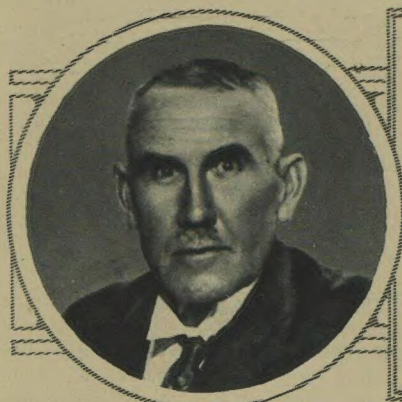
say a thing is black and you say it is white, the question can at least be put down in black and white. But if I am sure that everybody sees it white, including you; and you are sure that everybody sees it black, including me—then we feel we have reached a stage in which one or other of us ought to be in a lunatic asylum, and probably both will be.

The British Broadcasting Company pours forth perpetually, day and night, floods and floods of public statements that appear wildly controversial to Mr. Bernard Shaw, and a great many that appear wildly controversial to me. When some worthy gentleman who has been on a world tour gets up to deliver a somewhat dull lecture on the relations of Tasmania to the British Empire, he probably believes himself to be non-controversial. He thinks he is saying what everybody else would say; and he sounds rather like it. He fondly hopes that he is uttering platitudes. He does not know that he is uttering the most thrilling and dramatic defiances. He does not know that his words stir some of us as with the sound of a trumpet; to the extent of making us yearn to lay our hands on a battle-axe. He goes murmuring onwards with his remarks about the British Empire and the British Constitution and the Anglo-Saxon Race, with



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AITKEN, MANUEL (PARIS), ELLIOTT AND FRY, TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, I.B., AND FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



NEW ZEALAND'S NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER IN LONDON: SIR C. J. PARR.



A MARTYR TO X-RAYS: THE LATE DR. MÉNARD, THE FRENCH RADIOLOGIST.



NOVELIST, TRAVELLER, AND REFORMER: THE LATE MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE.



KILLED IN A BALLOON DISASTER: THE LATE CAPT. E. T. WILLOWS, THE PILOT.



ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN IN THE FINAL TEST MATCH: MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN (KENT).



REHEARSING "THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING" AT THE STRAND THEATRE: (L. TO R.) MR. GEORGE TULLY, MR. JOHN EMERSON, MR. RALPH LYNN, MISS ANITA LOOS (MRS. EMERSON, AUTHOR), AND MR. JOHN DEVERELL.



THE "QUEEN" OF LAWN-TENNIS TURNS PROFESSIONAL: Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN SIGNING HER CONTRACT WITH MR. CHARLES C. RYLE FOR A SERIES OF EXHIBITION MATCHES IN AMERICA.



REPORTED TO HAVE RECEIVED AN "ULTIMATUM" FROM SIMLA: THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.



IN THEIR GORSEDD ROBES AS "ALBERT O EFROG" AND "BETSI O EFROG": THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK INITIATED AS BARDS AT THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD AT SWANSEA



MOTHER OF THE KING OF ITALY'S NEW GRANDSON: PRINCESS PHILIP OF HESSE (PRINCESS MAFALDA).

Sir C. J. Parr succeeded Sir James Allen as High Commissioner for New Zealand in London.—Dr. Maxime Ménard, the French radiologist, died recently, after twelve years of suffering, from effects of X-ray work.—Mrs. Archibald Little was an authority on China. She founded a society to abolish the distortion of baby girls' feet. As Miss A. E. N. Bewicke (her maiden name) she wrote several novels.—Captain E. T. Willows and four passengers were killed when the basket of the balloon in which they were making an ascent at Kempston, Bedford, on August 3, broke away and fell from a height of nearly 100 ft.—Mr. A. P. F. Chapman is to captain the England cricket team in the Test Match beginning at

the Oval on August 14.—Miss Anita Loos, wife of Mr. John Emerson, the film actor, has made a great success with her story "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Mr. Ralph Lynn arranged to produce her new play, "The Whole Town's Talking," at the Strand Theatre.—Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen has lost her amateur status by undertaking an American tour.—A note on the Nizam of Hyderabad appears under the illustration on page 278.—The Duke and Duchess of York were initiated into the Gorsedd at the Welsh Eisteddfod under the names of "Albert o Efrog" and "Betsi o Efrog."—Princess Mafalda, wife of Prince Philip of Hesse, and second daughter of the King of Italy, gave birth to a son at Racconigi on August 6.

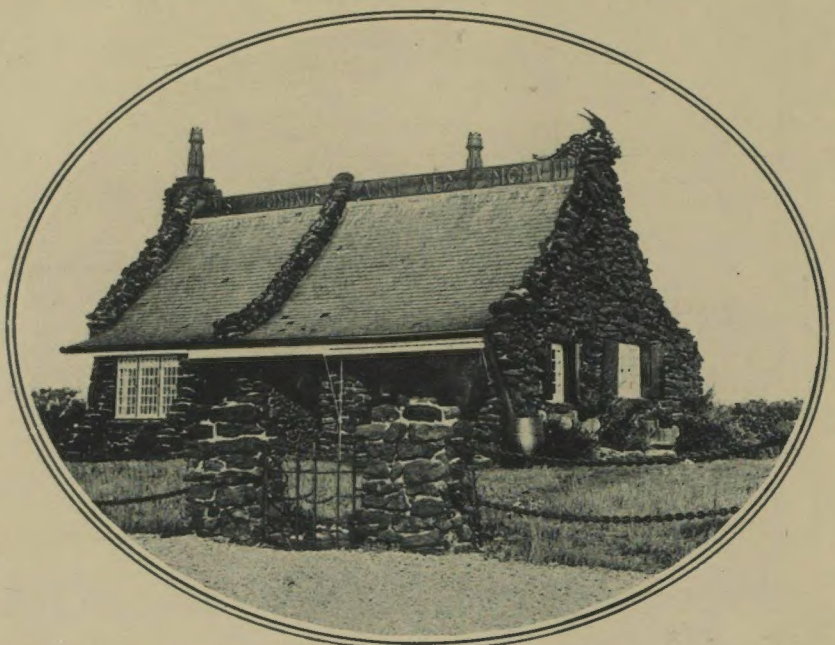


# THE WEEK AT HOME: INTERESTING NEWS IN ILLUSTRATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., BARRATT, CENTRAL PRESS, G.P.U., AND TOPICAL.



A FAMOUS VIEW THREATENED BY A PROPOSED NEW ROAD ACROSS THE GROUND IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE: HARROW ON THE HILL FROM THE SUDBURY SIDE.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S SEASIDE RETREAT TO BE DEMOLISHED: HER BEACH BUNGALOW AT SNETTISHAM, NEAR SANDRINGHAM, WITH ITS BIBLICAL LATIN INSCRIPTION.



THE FIRST MEETING ON THE NEW RACECOURSE AT CHEPSTOW, ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE IN ENGLAND: A PANORAMA SHOWING TATTERSALL'S STANDS, THE MEMBERS' LAWNS, AND THE STRAIGHT MILE, WITH A RACE IN PROGRESS.



FILMING THE PRIME MINISTER: MR. BALDWIN, PIPE IN HAND, BEFORE A CAMERA IN THE GARDEN OF HIS OFFICIAL RESIDENCE AT 10, DOWNING STREET.

A proposal to construct a new arterial road from Harrow Road, on the London side of Harrow, to Watford Road, Wembley, has aroused opposition from Harrow School, the town council, and other bodies, on the ground that it would spoil one of the finest views of Harrow Hill, as seen in our photograph. The new road would cut diagonally across the open country shown in the middle distance. —Queen Alexandra enjoyed many quiet days in the little bungalow built to her design many years ago at Snettisham, four miles from Sandringham. It is to be pulled down. —The first meeting on the new racecourse at Chepstow opened on August 6. —An official film of the Cabinet was recently made, it is said,

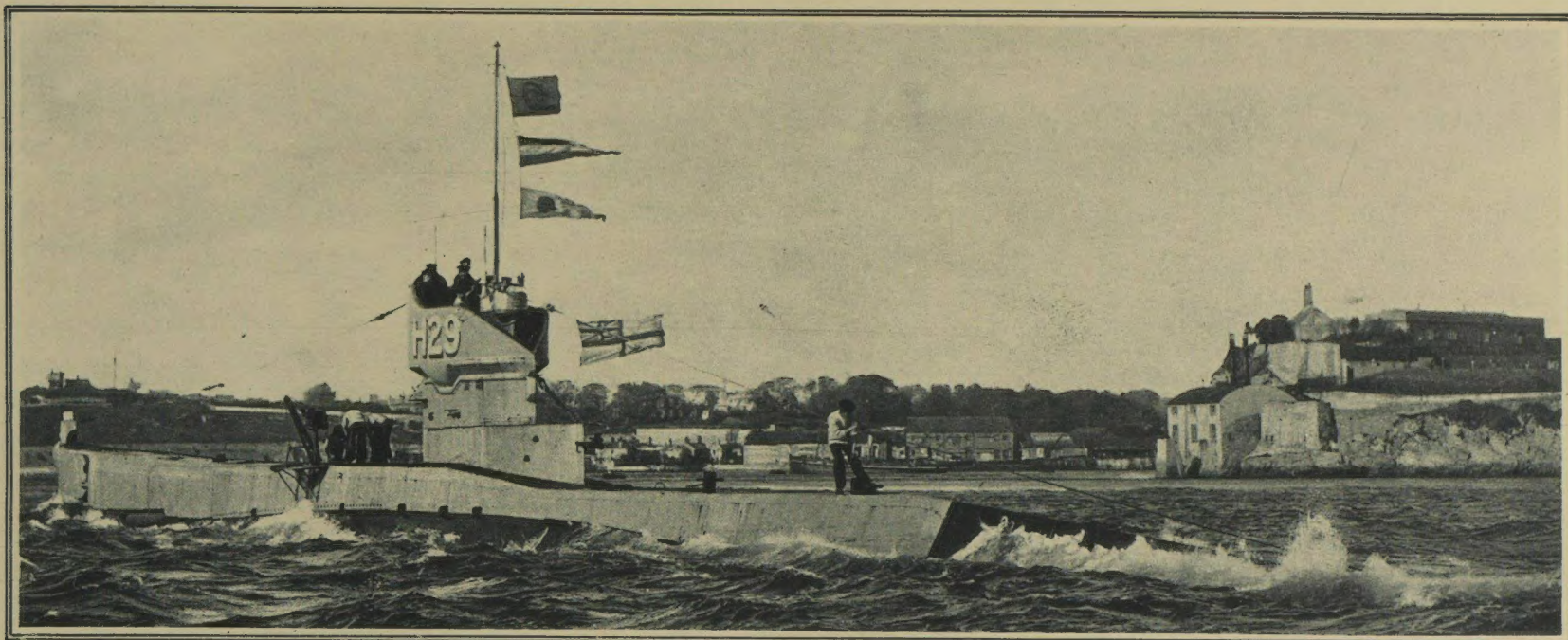


THE "DEAD MAN'S HANDLE" COLLISION AT NEWCASTLE: THE TRAIN THAT RAN TWO MILES WITHOUT A DRIVER, AND WITH SAFETY CONTROL PUT OUT OF ACTION.

by Government instructions, to be shown throughout the country. —A remarkable railway accident occurred at Newcastle-on-Tyne on August 7, when an electric train with 200 passengers collided with a goods train at Manors East station—fortunately without serious results. Only five passengers were injured. The electric train had run for two miles without the driver, whose body was found next day that distance back on the line. Later it was alleged that the safety control, known as "Dead Man's Handle," had been tampered with. It is a knob kept depressed by the driver, and, when released, cuts off the current, applies the brakes, and stops the train. This knob had apparently been fastened down.



## A Submarine that Sank in Harbour: The "H 29" as She was Before the Disaster.

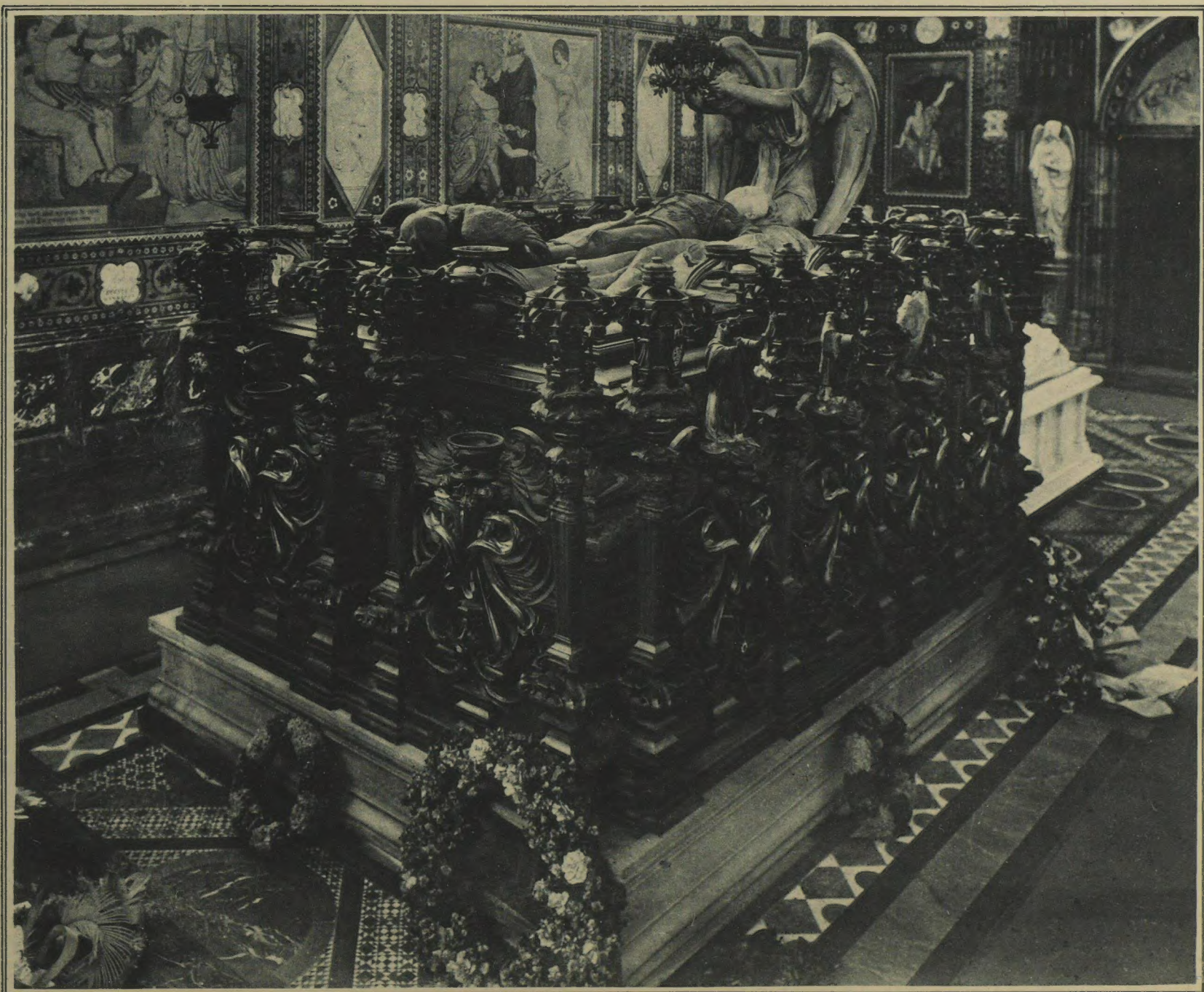


BEFORE THE ACCIDENT THAT COST FIVE LIVES: THE SUBMARINE "H 29," WHICH SUDDENLY TILTED AND SANK IN DEVONPORT BASIN.

An Admiralty announcement on August 9 stated: "Submarine 'H 29' sank to-day in Devonport Basin while undergoing re-fit. It is feared that one chief engine-room artificer and four civilian dockyard workmen have lost their lives." A later statement confirmed the sad news and gave the names of the missing men. An eye-witness of the accident stated that "H 29" was coming alongside her

berth when she suddenly tilted and sank almost immediately, the hatches having been open. A number of men thrown into the water were rescued, and salvage operations were at once begun. A survivor stated that an officer had told the crew to leave the ship quickly, as there was "something wrong aft, but we don't know what it is."—[PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.]

## A "Marvel of Beauty" Now to be Completed by the Sculptor Returned from Exile.



SHOWING (AT LEFT END) TWO OF THE EMPTY CUP-LIKE STANDS FOR STATUETTES, TO BE ADDED BY THE SCULPTOR, MR. ALFRED GILBERT: HIS BEAUTIFUL TOMB OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE IN THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.

In a recent letter to the "Times," Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the well-known art critic, announced: "Mr. Alfred Gilbert has returned from his self-imposed residence abroad, it having been arranged that he should now complete that marvel of beauty, the Tomb of the Duke of Clarence in the Albert Memorial

Chapel at Windsor, which has remained unfinished for so many years." He last contributed to the Academy in 1907. In 1909 he resigned and retired to Bruges." Among his works is the Shaftesbury Fountain, with the figure of Eros, formerly in Piccadilly Circus.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, WINDSOR.]



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE ART OF HAWKING.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc

I HAVE reason to know that those who read this page are many, and scattered far and wide, for it is seldom that a week passes without bringing me at least one letter, sometimes from "far Cathay," sometimes from one of our home counties, asking me to discuss some particular theme that the writer feels would interest others beside himself. I am always grateful for such suggestions, though it is not always possible to follow them up. My latest request for information is from a correspondent who has recently come into possession of a young "hawk," and desires to know how it should be fed, and how it is to be trained to the sport of "hawking."

I am afraid this reply will be something like a wet-blanket to aspiring falconers who have no preliminary

outstretched are long and pointed, owing to the fact that the longest quills are those at the tip of the wing. Further, in all, the eyes are dark brown in colour, and the edge of the upper jaw is marked by a deep, conspicuous "tooth." Under this head come the noble jer-falcons, like the beautiful white Greenland falcon and the dark grey Iceland falcon, both immensely prized by the ancient falconers, as well as the peregrine falcon and its allies. These are all birds of large size. But, besides, come the little merlin, the kestrel, and the hobby.

When there is any difference between the sexes in the matter of size, it is always the male that is the smaller, and this difference in the case of the peregrine is very marked. Accordingly, by the falconer he is known as a "tiercel"; to the female alone is allowed the term "falcon." The larger of these long-winged hawks combine tremendous speed with immense power, and are flown at herons, gulls, rooks, black-game, grouse, pheasants, partridges, pigeons, and hares. The wing of the short-winged hawks, when expanded, has a rounded and somewhat fringed appearance.

This is owing to the fact that the fourth, instead of the second, is the longest quill; while all have the inner web more deeply emarginate. Their method of taking their quarry is very different from that of the long-winged types, which "wait on," or mount high in the air, rising in great spirals till far above their victim, then descending on it with a mighty swoop. The short-winged hawk chases her prey from behind, and seizes it in her feet, crushing it between her powerful toes and piercing it with the claws, which are long and exceedingly sharp. She will fly at anything, whether furred or feathered, that she thinks she can take, and thus, to the amateur falconer, is the more useful type.

The gos-hawk and the sparrow-hawk are the only two of the short-winged hawks used in falconry, and they have to be handled with the greatest patience and care, for, savage and vindictive by nature, they are subject to ungovernable fits of temper and sulkiness, and, unless carefully diled, are subject to apopleptic fits. Eagles were never used, either in this country or on the Continent, by the old falconers; but in the East they were and are still used. They are, however, of but little use for winged quarry, not being sufficiently swift. They are used for hares, foxes, and antelopes, wild goats, and even wild boars.

Let no one who is not possessed of leisure and infinite patience think of training a hawk. Where a start is made with eyasses—that is to say, with newly fledged birds—the first task is to place "jesses" upon the feet and a hood upon the head; whilst they must never be allowed to take

food save upon the fist of the falconer—pieces of raw meat held upon his glove. To hood a hawk successfully is an art by no means easily acquired, but it is an all-important accomplishment. After a few days, when they have become used to being

handled, and to expect food only from the fist of the falconer, they are next trained to take it from the "lure." This is a stuffed body of the quarry they are to be trained to take. The food is fastened to this, and the lure weighted so that it cannot be carried away. As soon as they understand its purpose, the eyasses are "turned out to hawk"—that is to say, they are given their freedom in the grounds, and fed at stated times by calling them to the lure. This is a very necessary part of their training, for thereby they gain strength and the full use of their wings. After a week or ten days they are then taken up, and have no more freedom save when released to take the quarry chosen for them. They are kept fastened by their jesses to blocks or perches, as shown in the right lower illustration. But they cannot be kept in health unless a certain amount of food is given them with its natural fur or feathers, for these substances are essential to their digestion.

What are known as "passage-hawks" are birds taken on their first migration, by an elaborate arrangement of decoy-birds and nets, worked by skilled falconers. As soon as

captured they have to be placed in a sort of strait-waistcoat formed of a sock. When the jesses have been placed upon the feet and the hood upon the head, they are taken to a darkened



HOW A HAWK KILLS ANOTHER BIRD: THE DEATH OF A ROOK.

From a Drawing by G. E. Lodge. By Courtesy of Messrs. Methuen and Co.

knowledge of the art of hawking. For the training of a "hawk" to do the bidding of his master's will is not as easy as teaching Fido to fetch his master's slippers. My correspondent does not tell me what kind of a hawk has come into his possession, nor anything of its age. But as hawking is one of the most fascinating of our field sports, and as it is one of great and honourable antiquity, and to-day has all too few adherents, I propose to give a brief outline of its essential features for his guidance and that of others.

To begin with, all hawks, for choice, should be caught young, at the stage known as "branchers"—that is to say, just after they have left the nest and begun to climb about, but are not quite able to fly. If they cannot be taken by the "falconer" himself, they should pass into his charge at the earliest possible moment. This is imperative, for the utmost care must be taken lest any feathers, and especially the flight feathers, be damaged, or lest they should suffer from hunger due to delay in transit, for this enforced fast will leave an indelible mark on every one of its growing feathers, causing them to be transversely marked by lines looking as though they had been made by pressing a blunt knife hard across the feather, to say nothing of the danger of permanently lessening their vigour.

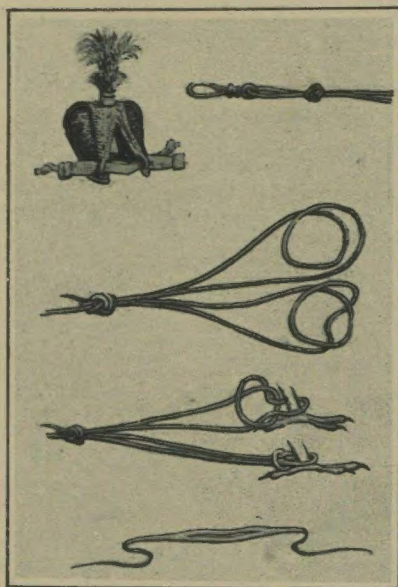
Hawks at this stage are known as "eyasses," and the term applies to hawks of all kinds. But with the ornithologist a distinction is made between "falcons" and "hawks." Falcons, to the falconer, are "long-winged hawks," as distinct from short-winged hawks, which include all other kinds save eagles. The long-winged hawks of the falconer, the falcons of the ornithologist, have several distinctive peculiarities. To begin with, as their name implies, their wings—the "sails" of the falconer—when



HOODED, AND WEARING "JESSES" ON THE FEET: A "TIERCEL" (LEFT) AND A FEMALE FALCON "WEATHERING."

The "tiercel" (male peregrine) and falcon (female) are here seen "weathering." In this picture are shown the "jesses" on the feet; and, in the case of the falcon (right), the bell, usually worn, is plainly seen.

From a Photograph by C. Reid Wisham. By Courtesy of Messrs. Methuen and Co.



INCLUDING A HOOD (TOP LEFT): THE "FURNISHINGS" OF A HAWK.

The "furnishings" of the hawk are numerous and varied. These samples show the hood, a spring swivel and leash for a small hawk (top right), a double ring leash (two centre figures), and a brail, a sort of manacle for an unruly hawk. The pinion joint of the closed wing is passed through the slit and the ends tied round the body. She is thus unable to open her wings.

From a Drawing by E. B. Mitchell. By Courtesy of Messrs. Methuen and Co.



AFTER BEING "MANNED," OR ACCUSTOMED TO MEN AND ANIMALS: HAWKS PLACED OUT IN THE OPEN.

The process of "manning" hawks, or getting them accustomed to the society of men and the various domesticated animals, is one requiring great patience and care. When used to these they can be placed out in the open for the sake of a sun-bath and fresh air.

From a Drawing by G. E. Lodge. By Courtesy of Messrs. Methuen and Co.

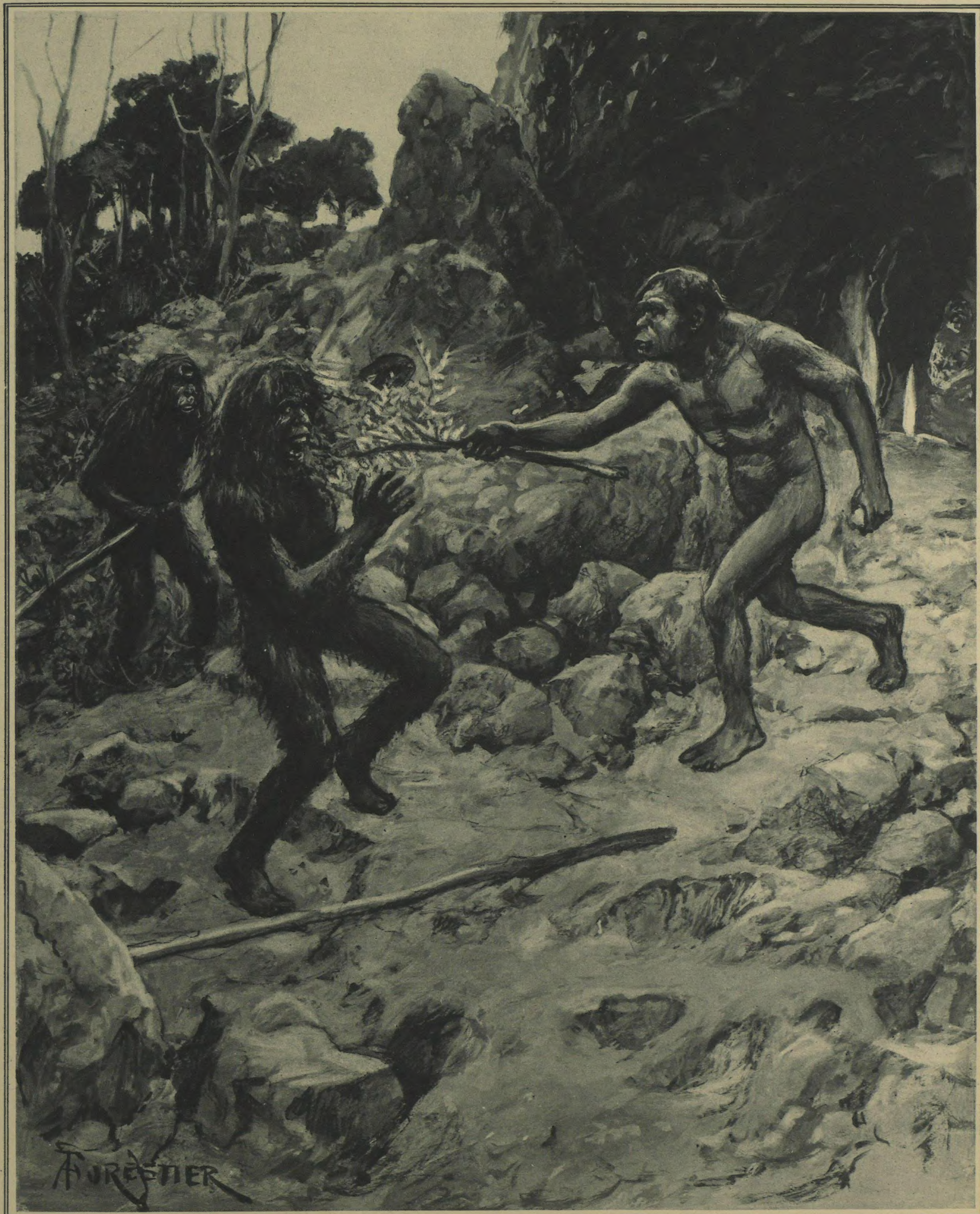
room and there placed upon the trainer's fist. A stern and stubborn fight for mastery now begins, for the bird will at first refuse all food. But she is broken at last, by taking care that she is not allowed to sleep. Every time she seems inclined to do so she is awakened. For twenty-four hours, or even longer, this struggle must go on. At last hunger and the desire for sleep win the day. Such birds, of course, are extremely valuable on account of their greater vigour.

But no more than the barest outline of this subject has been given here. Those who seriously think of taking up the pastime of hawking should read Mr. E. B. Mitchell's "Art and Practice of Hawking," if it is still to be had (Methuen and Co.). It is a wonderful book, by one of our greatest falconers.



## MAN'S HAIRY COAT ELIMINATED BY FIRE? A NOVEL THEORY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER, TO ILLUSTRATE DR. R. T. GUNTHER'S PAPER BEFORE THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.



ILLUSTRATING A NEW THEORY THAT HAIRLESSNESS IN MAN WAS EVOLVED BY THE AGENCY OF FIRE: A SINGED DWELLER IN A REGION OF NATURAL FIRES REPELS HIRSUTE FOES WITH A FLAMING BRAND LIT AT A BURNING OIL JET IN HIS CAVE.

The physiological reasons for the relative hairlessness of man, as compared with apes, were discussed the other day by Dr. Fleure in his presidential address to the Anthropological Section of the British Association. An interesting new theory of the origin of human hairlessness was then put forward by Dr. R. T. Gunther, whose article on early scientific instruments appears in this number. His suggestion is that, in remote prehistoric times, men living among the natural fires of a volcanic region took to playing with fire and singeing themselves, and that

in time a hairless condition was developed by natural selection. Such men probably learned to use natural fire (before they could produce it artificially) for cookery and fighting. "The scene," writes Dr. Gunther, "has been suggested by the country of the Fire-worshippers, who have maintained 'ever-burning' natural fires for 900 years in the Caspian region. The guardian of a natural flame, a singed man skilled in the properties of fire, is using a flaming brand to drive off enemies of a lower hirsute race."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]



## Four Police Systems: Men and "Machines."

"SCOTLAND YARD." By JOSEPH GOLLOMB.\*

THE Black Museum of Scotland Yard seen by Mr. Gollomb is used no more for the instruction of embryonic policemen and detectives. It was obsolete, and its grim contents have been scattered. They had had their day; had become of Tussaud value, not tutorial. "For, as science strides forward, criminals, too, garner its fruit, and, as their technique gets more and more modern, these relics of past crimes have little light to give the modern hunter of the modern criminal." They were a strange gathering: death-casts of murderers' heads, weapons that had dealt death, burglars' tools of every description, "clues" that had hanged and "clues" that had imprisoned, and instruments of fraud—"doctored" lottery-wheels and the like, "the fake wooden leg of the beggar; the dark glasses of the 'blind'; the crutches and other paraphernalia of the professional cheats who play on man's pity." But in their romantic interest they did not rank with certain of the curios at the headquarters of the Paris police. There, for example, were the black silk, toe-less, right stocking of the feminine shop-lifter who would knock lace from the counter, pick it up with her foot, and secrete it in a petticoat pocket; the walking-stick from which emerged steel nippers for removing paper-money from bank-cashiers' desks; the threatening letter written in blood from prisoners' veins; the set of artificial horse's teeth. Queerest of all, these. Our author tells the story.

They were devised by a seeker of damages. "The upper and lower jaws are hinged together with iron at the jaw, and a screw is so arranged that it forces the two jaws together as the screw is turned." Their inventor used to hover near the horse-drawn delivery truck of a big firm. "He waited till the driver stopped to deliver some goods. Then he stepped into a dark hallway near by, took the false teeth out of his pocket and clamped them about his arm. Turning the screw, he got the jaws together so tightly that the teeth sank into his arm. Then, taking the teeth off, he hid them, and strolled out into the street again. As he came near the horse's head his elbow went up—the driver's head was turned—and hit the horse on the sensitive nose. The horse reared. The man gave a loud outcry: 'He bit me!'" The usual crowd looked on, the arm was shown, with the marks of horse's teeth deep in it. Result: numerous witnesses, an action in court, and the receipt of compensation. The "victim" sued once too often, however. He was greedy; and on the last occasion the defending counsel not only recalled previous cases, but proved that, while the wounds were caused by a perfect set of teeth, the accused animal had an incisor missing!

Vienna also provided oddities. There the tendency of the criminals represented was largely artistic! To brilliant examples of counterfeiting and forgery were added prehistoric bone implements, all fakes, and an amazing manuscript, "a page of parchment, hand-illuminated in Latin, the rich brown of age harmonising with the glory of blues, reds, and gold of the great initials." A learned curator gave seven thousand five hundred dollars for it—he happened to be aware that "a certain rich man was presenting a collection of mediæval manuscripts to the State museum, and was looking for that very page of parchment to complete his gift. For this was the page missing from a celebrated copy of the New Testament well known by scholars and art connoisseurs." Yet—it was a forgery. An expert of international reputation had grave doubts about it, and these were confirmed by chemists who pointed out that certain letters were written over a grease-spot, instead of being under it, and that a blue pigment employed could not have been made before 1890! That is but one instance of scientific investigation. It is evident in the police methods of the world, although details and customs differ greatly.

Let us take Scotland Yard. The policeman who may be the detective comes fresh from the field and the plough. The authorities like their material in the rough, that they may mould it in their own fashion. They want plasticity, not preconceived ideas. The recruit is taught to observe and to note. He gets an all-round "bobby's" education in the police school. Then he is put into uniform and goes on a beat. In due time, he may patrol in "civvies," and, later, the aptitude being there, he may be sent to the school for

detectives. Thence he is ordered out as a probationer detective—on small jobs. His career is then in his own hands—and head. To aid him are specialists and an elaborate system—specialists in finger-prints, photography, physiognomy, categories of crime, chemistry, the microscope, and what-not; a system which embraces the Finger-Print Bureau, with its classified prints; the Rogues' Gallery of photographs; and the Criminal Registry Office, with its perfect card index. This last calls for further note: "One thousand and more different kinds of crimes are here catalogued in classes from A to Z, subdivided according to the technique employed—arson, burglary, counterfeiting, murder, theft, and so on down the alphabet of crime. Under burglary, for instance, there are further subdivisions—armed, bank, cutting bell-wires, rear-of-building entries, killing dog, wears gloves, wears mask, expert in burglar alarms, and so on and so forth. For those of the underworld are as much creatures of habit and specialisation as the rest of the world. Here, too, are registered on the records of past crimes any peculiarities discovered in connection with such crimes. The fact, for instance, that a burglar will help himself to food in a house he is looting is a fact so familiar to police that in Inspector

Pawnbrokers' List," and the "Weekly List of Habitual Criminals."

With the first offender, the running-to-earth is, naturally, more difficult; but few "get away with it." "According to undisputed figures, a burglar in New York has thirteen chances to one in his favour that he will escape punishment for his crime. Whereas in London the chances are ten to one *against* him that he will be caught by Scotland Yard. Again, last year there were two hundred and sixty-two murders committed in New York, the majority of them going unpunished. But only twenty-seven murders were committed during the same period in London, all but two of them being traced and brought to trial by Scotland Yard."

That is significant, and it is a pity that Mr. Gollomb does not enable us to compare our system with that of the United States, his native land. As it is, we have to be content with his chapters on the methods of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. His conclusions are several and intriguing. To England he accords bulldog tenacity with adaptability, and splendid, unselfish team-work which is a blend of common-sense and knowledge; to France, the keener imagination, and individualism as the investigator's ideal; to Vienna, almost complete dependence upon science, as represented not by police officials, but by University professors and other experts called in; to Berlin, the man-hunting machine fed by card-indexers and logicians, and served by Robots who must have spent at least nine years in the German Army, and by be-spectacled, clear-brained specialists who direct and engineer.

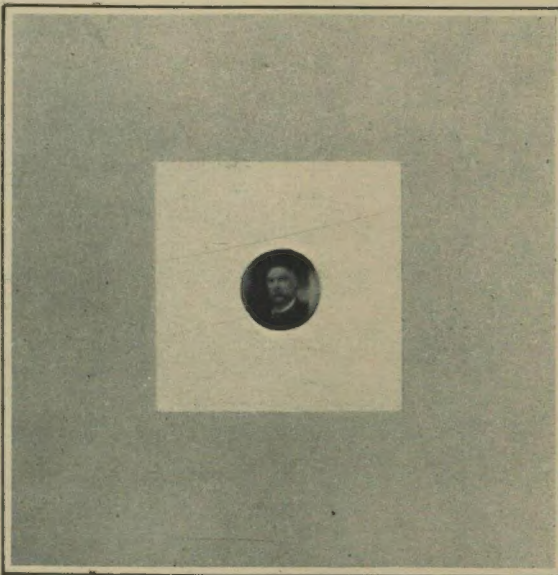
Each method is suited to its environment and its criminals; but the German is the most relentless. Given clues, its mechanism works with uncanny certainty; minus clues, it is still efficient, for it can find by elimination as well as by information received. But, then, its owners can do things that would not be tolerated in any country where the house is the castle. They can employ, for instance, the Razzia, wholesale searches without warrant, the forced examination of personal papers, by which many have been caught before they were officially "wanted"; and they can extort confessions.

Out of the whole emerges the question: "Why all the fuss about Sherlock Holmes?" Certainly, that fictional and ingenious investigator was "before his time"; but there is little, if anything, that he did for the bewilderment of Watson and the Constant Reader that has not been surpassed by the detectives of fact. That Mr. Gollomb makes exceedingly clear, "detective," of course, embracing "scientist." Thus he shows clay from a boot traced to its own region, and the wearer of the boot brought to book; the broken seam of a glove shifting under pressure and revealing sections of a thumb-print which were jigsawed into a well-nigh perfect whole; chisel-edges identified microscopically; blood found on a nail—and vital in an alibi—proved by reagents and a count of corpuscles to be the same as that of a suspect; and a dust mixture of wool particles, tobacco, sugar, and a derivative of a drug, taken from the crevices of a penknife used in a murder, yielding a record of a pepper-and-salt Norfolk suit, a particular English brand of pipe mixture, chewing gum, and heroin.

As for "thrills," they are in plenty—tales of murder and of theft; of gangs and of lone hands; of the King's Crown and Sceptre borne to a jeweller's, for repair, in the bag of three British workmen—of the Special Branch; tales of river police and "water-rats," of vitriol-throwing to make a lover blind and dependent, of the thief who stole only works of art for the adorning of the villa of his mistress, of the man found dead behind bolted doors in a flat four-storeys up in a balcony-less, fire-escape-less, seven-storey building, of the student who trained himself for master-criminology, of the murdered man who was a suicide.

None, indeed, can be anything but enthralled by Mr. Gollomb's book, whether he be serious criminologist or mere lover of detective stories, especially when it is remembered that the author has chosen a deceptive title: as has been made evident, he deals not only with Scotland Yard, but with France, Germany, and Austria.

E. H. G.



TAKEN THROUGH THE EYE OF A GLOW-WORM: A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH (ENLARGED 500 TIMES) OF PROFESSOR E. B. POULTON, HOPE PROFESSOR OF ZOOLOGY AT OXFORD, SHOWN BY DR. H. ELTRINGHAM IN THE ZOOLOGY SECTION OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION. Dr. H. Eltringham describes this remarkable photograph as "a portrait taken by using the whole eye of a glow-worm instead of a photographic lens. The object of the experiment was to show that, although the eye contains many lenses or facets, the image in the eye is a single complete picture and not a multiple image. The actual image in the eye is very small, and the photograph shown is magnified about 500 times." The "Times" report of his lecture stated: "The eye of the glow-worm through which it was taken was one fifty-thousandth part of a square millimetre in size. Glow-worms, Dr. Eltringham said, have perfect sight."

By Courtesy of Dr. H. Eltringham.

Hendry's remarkable catalogue one finds even notes of the particular foods that have appealed to different burglars.

"Also the hours of the burglary are carefully recorded. There are daylight burglars and evening burglars who work between the dinner hour and the hour of return from the theatre; and there are the burglars who work in the dead of night.

"In this office, too, are classifications of criminals along every striking line of description: men over six feet tall; men with red hair; women who wear widow's weeds; stutterers; left-handed men." Many an habitual has his "trade-mark"!

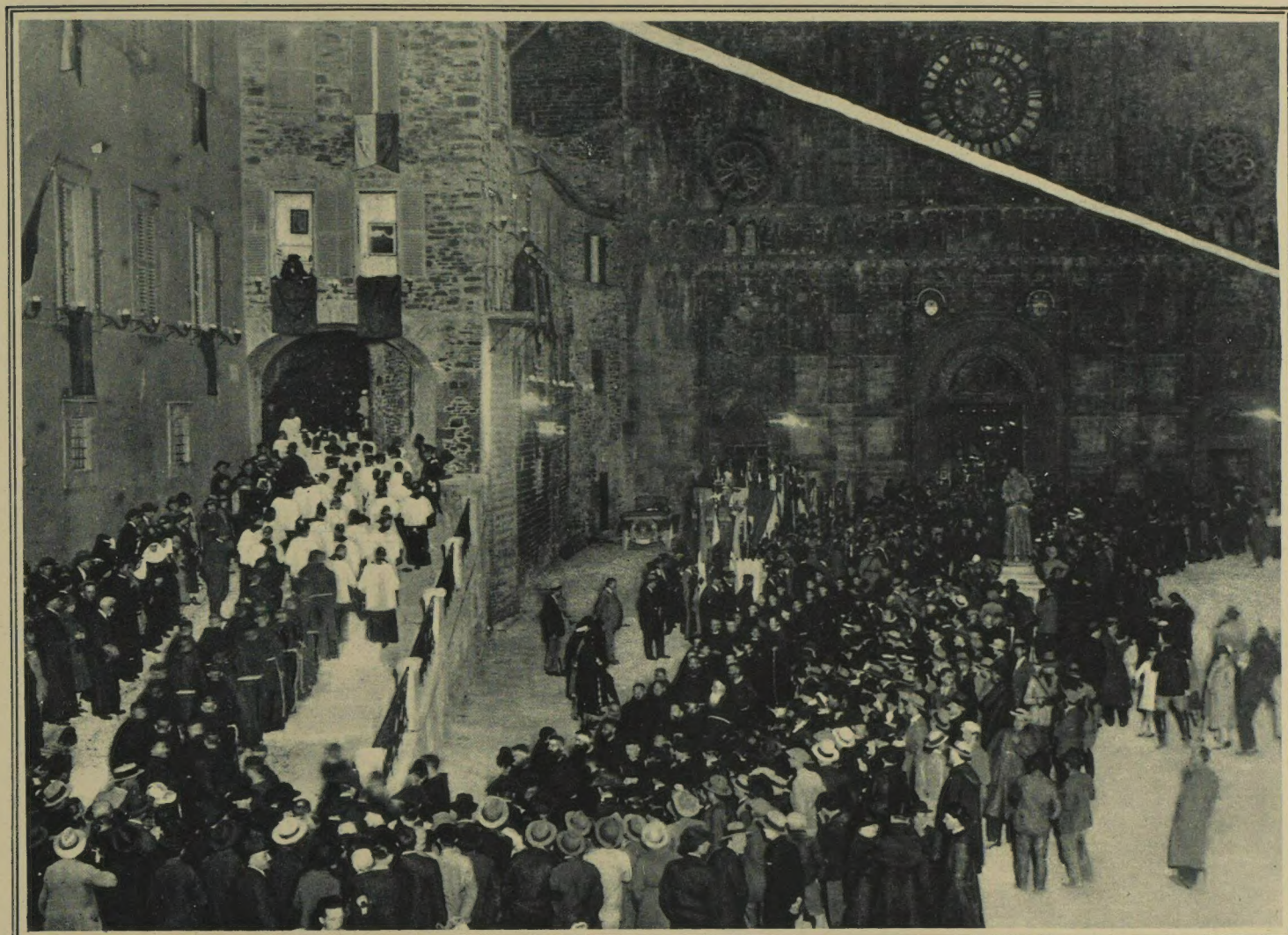
That is what "known to the police" means. And once a man is known and wanted he is not likely to escape. His methods will betray him, and the C.R.O. will do the rest. Scotland Yard circulates descriptions and photographs with the utmost speed, and "All Stations" are on the watch at once, warned by the "tapes" of their private ticker-machines, and by the Yard's morning and afternoon newspapers, its bi-weekly, its weekly, and its emergency issues—"The Morning Report," "Printed Information," the "Police Gazette," "The Illustrated Circular," "The

\* "Scotland Yard." By Joseph Gollomb. (Hutchinson and Co.; 28s. net.)



## THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF ST. FRANCIS: INAUGURAL RITES AT ASSISI.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



CELEBRATING THE  
700TH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE DEATH OF  
ST. FRANCIS:  
THE INAUGURATION  
OF THE FRANCISCAN  
YEAR AT ASSISI—  
A PROCESSION  
OF ECCLESIASTICAL  
AND CIVIC  
DIGNITARIES  
LEAVING THE  
CATHEDRAL OF SAN  
RUFINO AFTER THE  
MIDNIGHT PON-  
TIFICAL HIGH MASS,  
AND PASSING  
THROUGH THE  
PIAZZA.



THE CULMINATING  
POINT OF THE  
INAUGURAL CERE-  
MONIES AT ASSISI,  
IN CONNECTION  
WITH THE SEVENTH  
CENTENARY OF THE  
DEATH OF  
ST. FRANCIS:  
THE TRADITIONAL  
PROCESSION TO  
SANTA MARIA  
DEGLI ANGELI  
TO MARK THE  
BEGINNING OF THE  
GREAT FRANCISCAN  
INDULGENCE  
OF THE  
"PORTIUNCULA."

The celebrations connected with the seventh centenary of the death of St. Francis began at Assisi at midnight on July 31, when the Franciscan Year was inaugurated, and will continue until October 4. On the night of the inauguration the whole town was illuminated and crowds gathered in the piazza of the Cathedral of San Rufino to watch the arrival of the dignitaries who were to attend the Pontifical High Mass. As midnight struck, bells were rung, fireworks were discharged, and a band with a choir began a hymn. The High Mass was celebrated by the

Bishop of Assisi, Monsignor Luddi. On the morning of August 1 another Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in the Lower Church of St. Francis. Later, the whole population of the town turned out to join in the traditional procession to Santa Maria degli Angeli, that marks the beginning of the great Franciscan Indulgence of the Portiuncula. This procession, which was half ecclesiastical and half popular, ended the inaugural ceremonies. St. Francis was born at Assisi in 1182, and died there on October 4, 1226.



JAPANESE FOWLS WITH 15-FOOT TAIL-COVERTS; AND

OTHERS TAIL-LESS: STRANGE EXTREMES OF FANCY BREEDING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. TAKANURA MITSUI.

ARTICLE BY MR. COLLINGWOOD INGRAM.



ONE EXTREME OF EVOLUTION OBTAINED BY BREEDING: A TAILLESS QUAIL BANTAM (UZURA CHABO).



WITH THE TAIL ENTIRELY UNDEVELOPED: A JAPANESE WHITE QUAIL BANTAM (SHIRO UZURA CHABO).



ANOTHER REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF ARTIFICIAL SELECTION IN JAPAN: A TAIL-LESS SPECKLED QUAIL BANTAM.



THE OTHER EXTREME OF EVOLUTION OBTAINED ARTIFICIALLY: A WHITE PHOENIX, OR LONG-TAILED BANTAM, WITH TWELVE-FOOT TAIL-COVERTS.



WITH TAIL-COVERTS, NEVER MOULTED, ABOUT 15 FT. LONG: A SILVER-GRAY LONG-TAILED BANTAM AGED FIVE YEARS (NEARLY ITS LIMIT OF LIFE) BRED IN JAPAN—AN EXTRAORDINARY EXAMPLE OF ARTIFICIALLY ASSISTED EVOLUTION



WITH FEATHERS "FRIZZLED" LIKE THE PETALS OF A CHRYSANTHEMUM: A HEN PEONY BANTAM (BOTAN CHABO) BRED IN JAPAN BY ARTIFICIAL SELECTION.



WITH EACH FEATHER SLIGHTLY RECURVED LIKE THE PETALS OF A CULTIVATED CHRYSANTHEMUM: A COCK PEONY BANTAM (BOTAN CHABO)—ONE OF MANY CURIOUS JAPANESE BREDS.

Continued.  
to eighteen or nineteen feet, which is approximately the maximum length attained. The bird in the illustration accompanying this note has a tail fifteen feet long. The hen, of course, does not produce these ornamental plumes, but her tail is, nevertheless, proportionately very long for her sex. Nature evidently rebels against this extravagant plumage, for the Phoenix fowls are notoriously delicate and short-lived birds, laying only a few small eggs, from which very weak chicks are hatched. In other parts of Japan different breeds are in vogue, and it was recently the writer's privilege to see an extremely interesting

assembly of them in Tokyo. Some are characterised by their peculiar upright carriage, some have black instead of the usual red combs and ear-lobes, while in the beautiful little Itago Chabo the plumage is soft and silky and of the purest glossy white. In the Botan Chabo, or Peony Bantam, the feathers are 'frizzled,' each one being slightly recurved like the petals of a cultivated chrysanthemum. For the accompanying illustrations, the writer has to thank Mr. Takanura Mitsui, of Tokyo, who is making an exhaustive study of the many breeds of Japanese bantams."



## THE FIRST BRITISH MOTOR GRAND PRIX: A FRENCH TRIUMPH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND I.B.



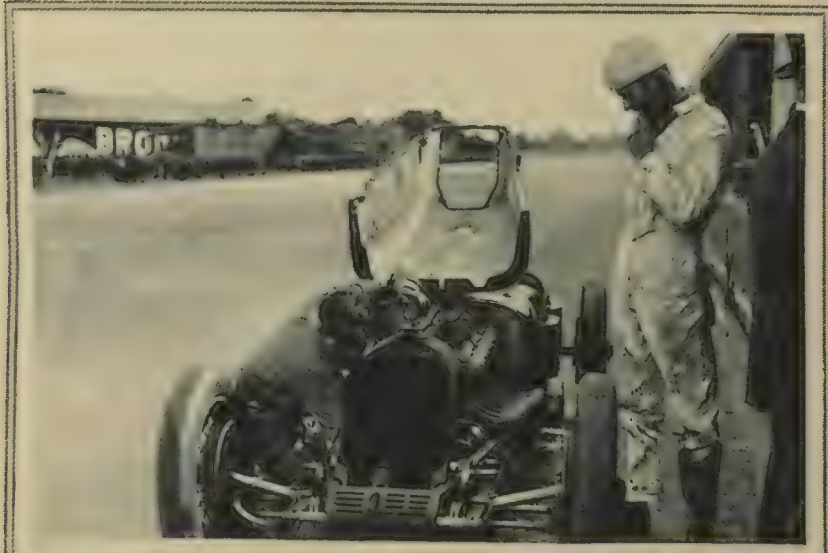
A BRITISH CAR THAT LED FOR ABOUT TEN LAPS: MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE'S TALBOT, WHICH DROPPED OUT LATER, ROUNDING A HAIRPIN BEND.



TAKING HAIRPIN BENDS: (L. TO R.) MAJOR SEGRAVE IN TALBOT I., M. BENOIST IN DELAGE III., AND MR. F. B. HALFORD IN A HALFORD SPECIAL.



SHOWING THE WINNING CAR, DELAGE II. (HERE DRIVEN BY M. SENECHAL), THE SECOND, A BUGATTI (DRIVEN THROUGHOUT THE 287-MILE RACE BY CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL), AND TALBOT I. (DRIVEN BY MAJOR SEGRAVE) ROUNDING HAIRPIN BENDS: THE FIRST BRITISH GRAND PRIX AT BROOKLANDS.



THE CHIEF BRITISH "HOPE," WHO LED AT FIRST, BUT RETIRED THROUGH CAR TROUBLE: MAJOR SEGRAVE WITH TALBOT I. DURING A STOP.



THE WINNING CAR AND ITS TWO DRIVERS WITH THEIR BOUQUET: DELAGE II. WITH M. LOUIS WAGNER (RIGHT) AND M. ROBERT SENECHAL, AFTER THE RACE.

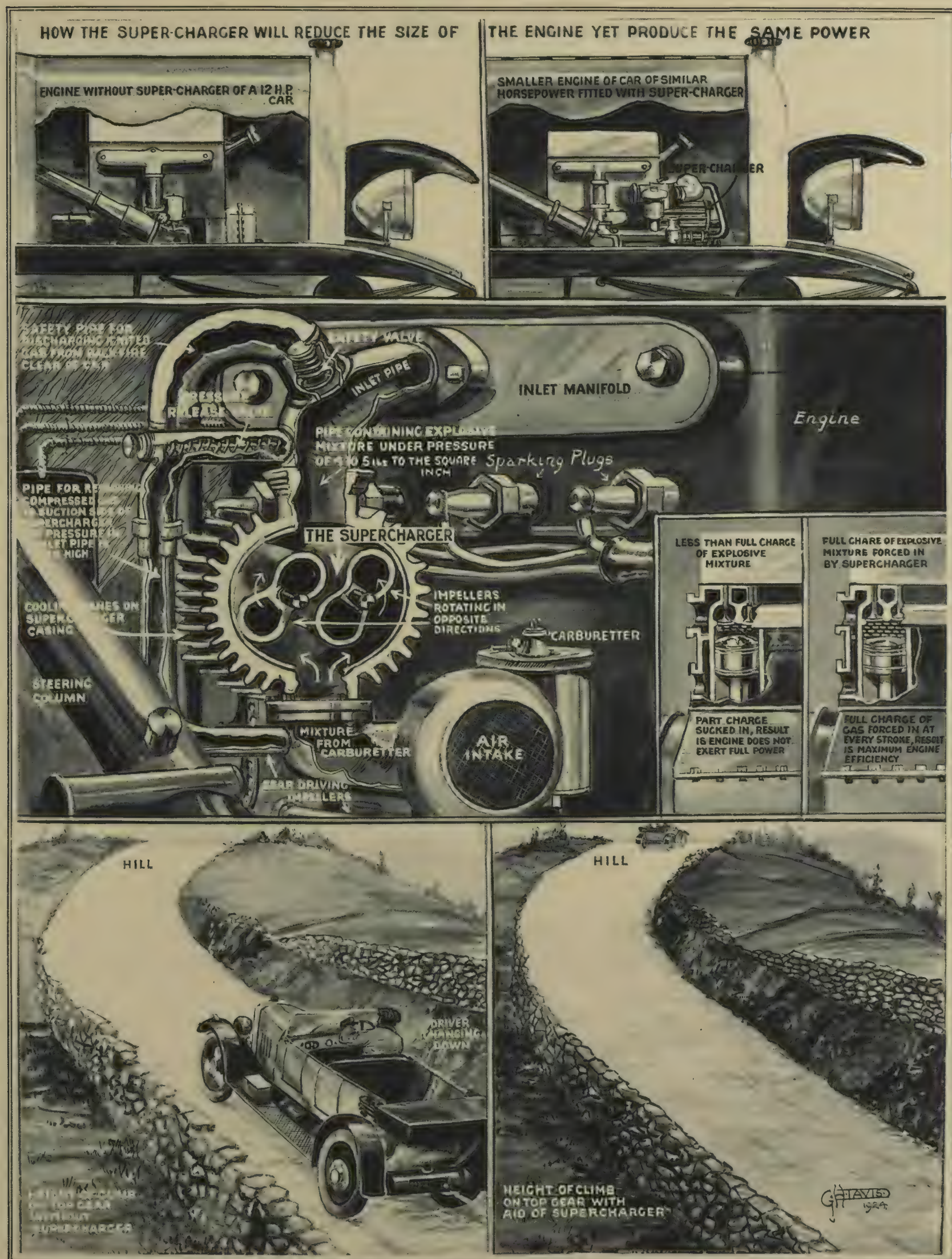
The first British Grand Prix motor-car race was run at Brooklands on Saturday, August 7, over a 287-miles course with artificial bends, and resulted in a triumph for France, as French cars took all three places. The winners were MM. R. Senechal and L. Wagner in Delage II. Captain Malcolm Campbell, who remained at the wheel without a change throughout, was second in a Bugatti, and third place was taken by Delage III., driven by MM. R. Benoist and L. Dubonnet. During the race exhaust flames shot up in the Delage II., and both the winning drivers

suffered considerably from burns on the feet. Major Segrave (Great Britain) in a Talbot, and M. Benoist started favourites and held the lead for about ten laps, but Major Segrave had a succession of misfortunes, including tyre and plug trouble, which placed him out of the running. M. Benoist held the lead for 90 out of 110 laps, until his engine caught fire. It was soon put out, but this mishap and the delay in changing tyres robbed him of the lead. For the first time in a race in this country, all cars entered were fitted with superchargers.



## A DEVICE USED IN THE GRAND PRIX: SUPERCHARGERS FOR TOURERS.

DRAWN BY G. H. DAVIS.



## INCREASING POWER AND SPEED: THE SUPERCHARGER—A RACING-CAR DEVICE DESTINED FOR GENERAL USE.

Though the supercharger has become a necessary adjunct to every racing car, it is still in the experimental stage, and only a few touring cars are yet fitted with it. The supercharger is a blower which forces the explosive mixture from the carburetter into the engine, so that there is always a full explosive charge to give maximum propulsive force. Our diagram shows in simple form a blower of the Rootes type. Inside the casing of the supercharger are two impellers working in opposite directions driven through gear from the engine at crankshaft speed. These impellers, revolving together, force the air (or explosive

mixture) into the inlet pipe, and through inlet valves into the engine. It is well known that the supercharger increases speed on the track, as in the recent Grand Prix race at Brooklands, in which all the nine cars that started were fitted with one. When the supercharger comes into general use, pulling power will be enormously increased, and thereby the car's hill-climbing abilities, so that gear-change will be obviated except on the steepest hills. Further, it may lead to reduction in the size of the engine, and consequently in rating, horsepower tax, and petrol-consumption.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada,



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## "G. B. S.'S" FIRST PLAY REVIVED.

AS in a glass darkly I remember that nocturnal walk towards Hammersmith in 1892 with "G. B. S.," then already renowned as a Fabian, a novelist ("Cashel Byron's Profession"), and as a musical critic. We were then in the revolutionary days of our drama. Ibsen was ramming the old walls; the besieged were pouring the boiling tar and molten lead of vituperation on the beleaguers. What was wanted was a British Captain to ally with the foreign posse. George Moore promised his then one and only play, "The Strike at Arlingford," in due course, when we felt sure of our footing. Arthur Symonds, Frank Harris, John Gray had swelled our contingent with one-act original plays. But we wanted the strong card and the new man, and he was found that night *en route* for Hammersmith.

"I have written a play," he said, and so I jumped with joy at the thought. He added, in that provoking way of his, "But you will never produce it." He then went on to tell me that William Archer had something to do with its inception, but had no belief in it, wanted it "scrapped." "Never mind," I said, "it is by you; that is sufficient. I will promise to produce it even if I don't know yet what it is all about." It seemed rash, but I knew my man: from him could only come originality. Then came the MS., at first in scraps; it took me—always a slow reader—three days to wade through it. I was deeply impressed by the housing question, but a little afraid of the scene in which Blanche assaults the housemaid. Would the audience stand that in the "lady-like" Victorian days of 1892? However, I was pledged, and would forge ahead. Later, he sent me his revised and complete script—I have it still—beautifully engrossed in that Gothic, diamond-pointed handwriting of his—and so for casting and rehearsal.

In those days it was not so easy to find actors for *théâtres à côté*, so we had to seek and plead to get our cast together, and, in the aspect of to-day, we had willy-nilly to make the best of our material. But, try as we would, we could not find the right Lickcheese. We rehearsed and rehearsed at the Bedford Head, a public-house, but we had "Hamlet" minus the Prince of Denmark. Then one day, when we were all in despair, for the first night was drawing nigh, suddenly in the midst of rehearsal a woolly little head popped through the door, and to the little head was attached the quicksilver body of a little man—"Any actor wanted here?" he exclaimed, and with one voice, author, producer, actors bade him come in. He was the right man, the *rara avis* we had tried to find. On the night of Dec. 9, 1892, at the Royalty Theatre, two men became famous for all time. "G. B. S.," the author, and James Welch, the

wonderful comedian, whose Lickcheese was a blend of pathos and humour, a diminutive yet compelling personality of exquisite harmony.

The play had an uproarious reception; the author made a flamboyant speech; the old school of critics and the new vied with one another in abuse and praise; but the fact was patent—a new man had come to court, and one who, like the *preux chevalier*, feared neither convention nor public opinion. For all that, no manager could be found to adopt the play. It was an attack on capitalism and landlordism—it would be caviare to the great public of London; perhaps it would tend to riot. And so, to my recollection, "Widowers' Houses" has only once been seen

created her; now she is typical of the period. We understand her; we find her Freudian; we realise that her seeming hardness towards her lover, Dr. Trench, was all inhibition—the commotion of sex. As for Lickcheese, he, too, is a more modern product now than in the past. We meet such climbers, such *nouveaux riches* developed from humbleness to blatant self-assertion, at every step.

And here I would pay an unstinted tribute to Mr. Brember Wills for his magnificent conception and portrayal of the half-starved rent-collector who at length became the superman to his former master. I admit I feared for Mr. Brember Wills; still I see "Jimmy" Welch, in his anguish and his blatancy so

entirely disproportionate to his frail body—for Mr. Brember Wills is of sturdier mould and build. He does not convey the obvious pathos which literally oozed from his predecessor. Yet, if Mr. Wills's Lickcheese was a bigger man in the physical sense of the word, he made us forget it in the scene when Sartorius dismissed him for his excess of loyalty. Then we literally saw how the starveling was dwarfed by the unexpected blow—we saw the misery of home and family, the spectre of hunger. Anon the microbe of prosperity made a different man—the incarnation of plutocracy, of all that is vulgar and loud and joyful at the thought of treading on corns, of calling his former employer by name in endless repetition, jubilant at the omission of the prefix "Mr." In the career of Mr. Brember Wills, Lickcheese will shine as the finest of much fine work.

But the whole of the cast is beyond praise: Mr. Frederick Cooper as the amiable Trench; Mr. Milton Rosmer as the opportunist Cokane; Mr. Stanley Drewitt as the Shylock of

landlordism, Sartorius; Miss Hilda Moore as Blanche—the modern woman with a granite touch of mannishness encasing a truly feminine heart—every one of these artists made an indelible impression. As my mind travelled back, and I recalled step by step the performance of thirty-four years ago—the artificiality, the laboriousness, sententiousness, that then prevailed, because it had yet to be learned that acting in the literal sense is not akin to nature, I realised the immense progress of histrionic art in England. Such a performance as that of "Widowers' Houses" could not be bettered—nay, equalled—anywhere in the world. If it were in my power, I would take the production as it stands all over Europe for the better understanding of what English acting is in these days.

Meanwhile I hope that "Widowers' Houses" will come nearer to the Centre. There is more life (and money) in Shaw's firstling than in most plays of the present generation. And that is a fact!



NOTABLE THIS YEAR FOR THE IMPORTANCE OF ITS MUSICAL FEATURES: THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, AT SWANSEA—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GORSEDD CEREMONY.

The musical side of the Welsh Eisteddfod was much more important this year, as it was held in a large centre of population—at Swansea—instead of a country place such as is chosen three years out of every four. The test pieces in the competitions were on a higher level than ever before, and included works from Bach, Beethoven, and Strauss. The principal adjudicator and conductor was Dr. Vaughan Thomas, the leader of Swansea music, and formerly a music master at Harrow. Two notable innovations in the competitions were a madrigal class and a class for operatic arias. An Eisteddfod pavilion was erected in the Victoria Park, Swansea.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

on the London boards since—some three years ago. But in the provinces it was popular with the patrons of Repertory Theatres. It was left to the directors of the Everyman Theatre to revive Shaw's first play on his seventieth birthday, and when I saw it again after thirty-four years, I found it as evergreen as is its author. Here and there an obsolete note makes itself felt—for the vestries have gone, the whole local government has changed; gone, too, are many rookeries, and landlordism has been reformed by law. Yet to those who know their London—who know how the people live, or, I should say, vegetate, in parts of the East and in Notting Dale—the tale is, alas! as true to-day as it was three decades ago. And, curiously, in structure and in thought the play seems more up-to-date now than in 1892. Even the scene with the maid does not shock us—perhaps because since the war our manners have not improved and women have become more mannish. For really Blanche was before her time when Shaw



# THE FIRST WOMAN TO SWIM THE CHANNEL; AND IN RECORD TIME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, P. AND A., AND I.B.



COVERED WITH GREASE OVER HER SWIMMING DRESS: MISS EDERLE (RIGHT) SHAKING HANDS WITH MISS CANNON JUST BEFORE ENTERING THE SEA — SHOWING BURGESS (HER TRAINER) BETWEEN THEM.



NOURISHMENT ON THE WAY: A BABY'S FEEDING-BOTTLE (SEEN IN THE AIR) THROWN FROM THE TUG TO MISS EDERLE IN THE WATER DURING HER GREAT SWIM ACROSS THE CHANNEL.



WATCHING MISS EDERLE'S PROGRESS FROM THE TUG "ALSACE": A GROUP OF FRIENDS AND RELATIONS ON DECK, INCLUDING HER FATHER (THIRD FROM RIGHT).



A WONDERFUL FEAT OF SPEED, PLUCK, AND ENDURANCE FOR A GIRL OF EIGHTEEN: MISS EDERLE, OF NEW YORK, SWIMMING THE CHANNEL IN A CHOPPY SEA.



FIRST MAN AND FIRST WOMAN TO SWIM THE CHANNEL: CARRIED TO HER HOTEL ON THE SHOULDERS OF HELMY (LEFT), THE EGYPTIAN SWIMMER, AND LOUIS TIMSON, MISS EDERLE AT THE WEBB MEMORIAL, DOVER. THE AMERICAN: MISS EDERLE RECEIVES AN OVATION FROM THE CROWD AT DOVER (SHOWING BURGESS TO LEFT).

Miss Gertrude Ederle, of New York, swam the Channel, from France to England, on August 6, in 14 hours 39 minutes, thus beating the previous fastest time by nearly two hours. She is the first woman to accomplish the wonderful feat, and is only eighteen years old. She entered the water at Cap Grisnez, near Calais, at 7 a.m., and landed at Kingsdown, between St. Margaret's Bay and Deal, at 9.39 p.m. During much of the passage, especially towards the end, the sea was very rough, and Miss Ederle showed remarkable pluck and endurance. Her speed at the beginning was the admiration of all on board the tug "Alsace," which accompanied her. Among them were her father, her trainer, William Burgess, and

Miss Lillian Cannon, another American Channel aspirant, who joined her in the water for part of the way. Miss Ederle took only two meals during the whole swim. She had a great reception on landing at Kingsdown, and also later at Dover, where she was congratulated by the Mayor and Mayoress. She went for a swim there within twelve hours of her Channel feat, and on coming ashore was carried shoulder-high to her hotel. The five men who have swum the Channel were Captain Webb, 1875 (21 hr. 45 min.), T. W. Burgess, 1911 (22 hr. 35 min.); H. Sullivan, 1923 (26 hr. 50 min.); S. Tiraboschi, 1923 (16 hr. 33 min.); and Charles Toth, 1923 (16 hr. 54 min.). The first three started from England.



## A GREAT PIONEER OF SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKING.

### THE ASTROLABES AND DIALS OF HUMPHREY COLE OF LONDON.

By DR R. T. GUNTHER, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.L.S., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.

WHETHER it be judged by the many centuries throughout which it has been in use, or by its historic associations, the astrolabe is perhaps the most important of instruments that have been devised for men of science. From the time of Hipparchus, who is generally accredited with its invention in 150 B.C., to the present day, when Professor Frewin Jenkin, of Oxford, has reconstructed a new model for demonstrating to modern audiences its many virtues as an educational instrument, it has had an innings of two thousand years and more.

Some sixty astrolabes are contained in the superb collection of early scientific instruments given by Dr. Lewis Evans to the University of Oxford, and their installation in what was until a few years ago the only Ashmolean Museum, has marked an epoch in the history of science in this country, which has been ushered in by the rediscovery of a considerable number of forgotten instruments of exceeding historic value, and by a more general recognition of the importance of such instruments being most carefully preserved. As to the rarity of the best, there can be no question: the greater craftsmen who worked out the designs rarely made two alike. There was no "mass production" in the ateliers of the astrolabists.

The example selected for illustration on page 293 is the finest one that is known to have been made in London. For a number of years it has been lying by in a physical laboratory of the University of St. Andrews. But, although it was catalogued by Professor Swan as an instrument of a rare type, it is doubtful whether he realised its supreme importance as proof positive, and the only extant proof, that we had in Britain an artist in metal-work who did exact work on a large scale and of a high grade of accuracy. In this respect we may compare it with the instruments in the contemporary observatory of Tycho Brahe in Denmark. This gives its maker high rank among the craftsmen of the beginning of the Elizabethan scientific age, the age associated with the great English navigators for whom "the narrow seas were a prison for so large a spirit."

The photograph shows the face of the astrolabe with its movable parts, alidade and simple rete, pivoted on a central pin. As arranged, the instrument would well serve for getting solar time in lat. 52°, the latitude for which the underlying plate has been constructed. The method was detailed by Chaucer in the treatise which he wrote for the use of his son "litell Lowis," and by it the correct hour of the day may be found in rather less time than it takes to wind up a watch. But this great astrolabe of Humphrey Cole was made for another purpose also—namely, for use in a horizontal position as a surveying instrument. This second use of the larger Elizabethan astrolabes has not been generally recognised, yet a large part of the Low Countries was surveyed by this means alone. Magnetic bearings were obtained by the use of a small compass-needle inlaid in a box in the beautifully engraved bracket of the instrument. Cole's great astrolabe is dated May 21, 1575, and a miniature model of it, made in the previous year, is in the British Museum, where several other examples of his work may be studied.

All are distinguished by the beauty and originality of their design, or by some practical detail in their

construction that would nowadays be the subject of a special patent. His great ingenuity and craftsmanship are admirably illustrated by the two portable dials which are illustrated in this number. The best known, the historic Drake Dial—sometimes wrongly referred to as Drake's Astrolabe—is a priceless example of Elizabethan art. For a number of years it has been in the possession of Greenwich Hospital, and is now on exhibition in the Museum of the Royal Naval College.

When closed, it resembles a large oval locket with a rope border round the edge, and finely engraved and gilt covers. When opened out, as in our figure, the full intricacy of its construction is revealed. In the centre is the instrument that gives its name to the whole, a folding equinoctial sundial

it would be high or low water at the time of his arrival at a port in this country. Then there is "A kalendar with y<sup>e</sup> Saints daies and moueable feastes for ever," a perpetual "kalendar" giving the golden letters, epacts, and primes for a series of years; also the days of the month when the sun enters the twelve Zodiacal signs, and a small instrument for showing the phases of the moon. In a special recess, too, is a "Geometrical Square," with a magnetic compass, and a rotatable sight-rule with folding sights, a detachable appliance used for surveying. The instrument is a perfect *multum in parvo*, and it is signed with the name of its maker and the year when it was made—1569.

Another portable dial was made by the same eminent maker for Richard Juge in the year 1568, when he first became Master of the Stationers' Company. Juge was the leading printer and publisher of his day. He lived near St. Paul's Cathedral, and held a monopoly for the printing of Bibles. His dial, appropriately enough, takes the form of a gilt metal book, in which various instruments are arranged on the leaves, as shown in the figures of various openings on page 294. The fortunate owner of such a compendium of instruments could "take ye hight of ye sone [moon and stars] and ye hight of towres or any other buildinges," by the two quadrants engraved within the cover. He was provided with a "kalendar," sundial, table of latitudes of towns, magnetic compass and geometrical square, as in the Drake Dial, and, in addition, he had at hand the most useful drawing instruments, "The Compasse, Square and Rule," and "The Wrytinge Penne," which were ordinarily kept under two hinged lids fastened by hand-like catches. Every bare space is ornamented with incised arabesque or strapwork ornament, the most delightful part of which is the engraved frontispiece on the cover, which displays Juge's badge—three thorn trees in full blossom, with a nightingale lustily singing "Jugge, Jugge, Jugge, Jugge," in the branches. Squirrels and snails are crawling about the strapwork decoration of the border.

Clearly Cole was no ordinary craftsman. He was an inventive genius of a very high order, but his sterling worth does not appear to have been adequately rewarded by his contemporaries. In his official capacity as Sinker of the Dies at the Royal Mint in the Tower, he received a stipend of £20 a year, a starvation wage that he eked out by making scientific instruments for wealthy patrons. We find that in 1576 he supplied the navigational equipment for Martin Fro-bisher's first voyage of discovery in

search of the North-West Passage to China. He made armillary spheres, astrolabes, cross-staffs or "balestilhas," and other instruments, at a low cost, but whether he received payment in full for his work is not known. Two years afterwards we find him appealing to Lord Burghley for the office at the Mint recently held by Eloy Mestrell, an office and fee for which "I have staid for theis twentie yeres, and thereby spent the best of my tyme to my greate hindraunce, lackinge sufficiente maintenaunce for me and my family." His place of business was "neere unto the North dore" of St. Paul's, and there, in 1591, he died, a poor man, and letters of administration were granted to his widow, Elizabeth Cole, on July 6.



INCLUDING A SUN-DIAL (TOP), TABLE OF LATITUDES OF THIRTY-TWO EUROPEAN TOWNS, TIDE-TABLE, AND CALENDAR: THE HISTORIC DRAKE DIAL, MADE IN 1569 BY HUMPHREY COLE—"A PRICELESS EXAMPLE OF ELIZABETHAN ART."

The Drake Dial, fully described by Dr. Gunther on this page, is now on exhibition in the Museum of the Royal Naval College.—[By permission of the Greenwich Hospital Department of the Admiralty.]

with a quadrantal scale for setting the gnomon to the latitude of the place where it is desired to tell the time. To facilitate this, one of the five leaves of the dial is engraved with a table of latitudes of thirty-two selected European towns, from "Edenbo 57°" in the north, to "Lisbona 39°" in the south. The list includes inland towns, as "Oxforde" and "Baseingsto," as well as seaports, as "Douer," "Bristowe" and "Neapoli." In another opening is "An instrument to knowe the ebbes and Fluddes" of the tide, with a long list of the "Principal Portes and Havens of Urope, what mo[o]ne maketh a full sea." So that with the aid of such an instrument Sir Francis Drake on returning from a voyage round the world would have been able to ascertain whether



# THE FINEST EXTANT ELIZABETHAN SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT.

FROM THE LEWIS EVANS COLLECTION IN THE OLD ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM AT OXFORD. BY COURTESY OF ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY AND DR. R. T. GUNTHER, M.A., F.L.S., FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD



DATED MAY 21, 1575: HUMPHREY COLE'S GREAT TWO-FOOT ASTROLABE, THE FINEST KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN MADE IN LONDON.

This great astrolabe, made by Humphrey Cole in 1575, and the finest scientific instrument known to have been made by a London craftsman of the age of Elizabeth, is described by Dr. R. T. Gunther in his article on page 292 of this number. As there mentioned, it was lying by for many years in the physical laboratory of the University of St. Andrews, and is now on exhibition with the Lewis Evans Collection of antique instruments in the Old Ashmolean Museum at

Oxford, which has recently been refurnished as a museum for the History of Science. The collection has been of great interest to the members of the British Association during their meeting at Oxford within the past week. Two other examples of Humphrey Cole's work are also illustrated in this number—the Drake Dial (on the same page as Dr. Gunther's article), and (in colour on page 294) a portable dial made for Richard Jugge in 1568.



ELIZABETHAN SCIENCE: A REMARKABLE INSTRUMENT OF 1568.

FROM THE LEWIS EVANS COLLECTION IN THE OLD ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM AT OXFORD. BY COURTESY OF DR. R. T. GUNTHER, M.A., F.L.S., FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE.



SUNDIAL WITH TABLE OF LATITUDES OF TOWNS, COMPASS, AND GEOMETRICAL SQUARE: PART OF THE JUGGE PORTABLE DIAL AND BOOK OF INSTRUMENTS.



GEOMETER'S AND ASTRONOMER'S QUADRANTS AND CASES FOR MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS: PART OF THE DIAL MADE FOR RICHARD JUGGE



WITH THE BADGE OF RICHARD JUGGE—A NIGHTINGALE SINGING "JUGGE, JUGGE, JUGGE, JUGGE" IN A THORN-TREE: THE COVER OF THE "BOOK."

The Juge Portable Dial and Book of Instruments is one of the treasures in the Lewis Evans Collection at Oxford, as described by Dr. R. T. Gunther in his article on page 292. It was executed in gilt brass by Humphrey Cole, of London, for Richard Juge, publisher and Master of the Stationers' Company, in 1568. "His dial," writes Dr. Gunther, "appropriately enough takes the form of a gilt metal book, in which various instruments are arranged on the

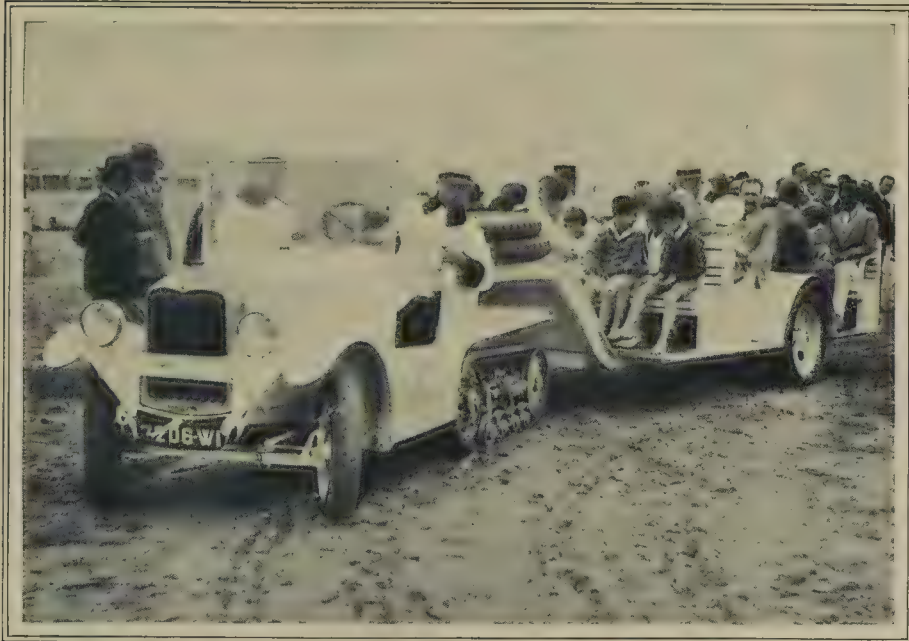


ANOTHER ITEM IN THE JUGGE PORTABLE DIAL AND BOOK OF INSTRUMENTS "MADE BY HUMPHREY COLE: A CALENDAR ENGRAVED ON A METAL LEAF. leaves (as shown above). The fortunate owner of such a compendium of instruments could 'take ye hight of ye sone [moon and stars] and ye hight of towres or any other buildinges,' by the two quadrants engraved within the cover. He was provided with a calendar, sundial, table of latitudes of towns, magnetic compass, and geometrical square. . . . Every bare space is ornamented . . . the most delightful part is the engraved frontispiece, which displays Juge's badge."

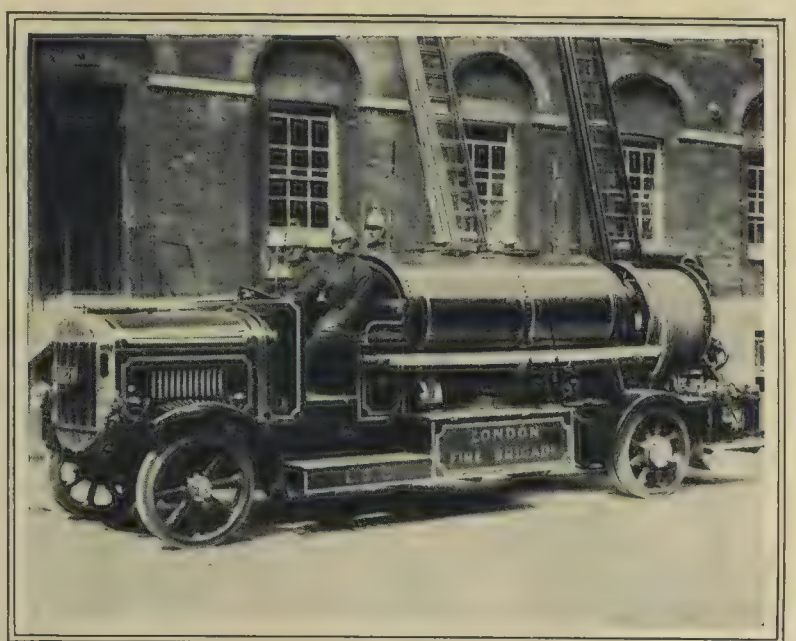


# FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE, G.P.U., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND C.N.



THE SAHARA TYPE OF CATERPILLAR WHEELS ADAPTED TO SEASIDE AMUSEMENTS: A FREE JOY RIDE ON DEAUVILLE SANDS IN A NEW CITROËN TRACTOR CHARABANC.



DESIGNED TO DISCHARGE A FOAMY MIXTURE OF ACID AND ALKALI THAT QUENCHES BURNING OIL: A REMARKABLE NEW FIRE-ENGINE FOR THE LONDON SERVICE.



SHARK-FISHING FROM A PACIFIC LINER IN MID-OCEAN: A MONSTER APPROACHING THE BAIT ATTACHED TO A CHAIN CABLE—A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE BRIDGE OF THE "ANTINOUS."



A NEW HYBRID, WORTH FROM 3000. TO 5000 FRANCS: A CROSS BETWEEN A KABYLE DOG AND A SAHARAN FOX, AWARDED FIRST PRIZE AT A FRENCH DOG SHOW.



A LAW COURT ON WHEELS: A UNIQUE METHOD OF ADMINISTERING JUSTICE ON THE SPOT IN TRAFFIC CASES, AT INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

M. André Citroën, of Saharan motoring fame, has introduced at Deauville a "tractor charabanc" with caterpillar wheels, in which visitors are taken for free joy rides on the sands.—The London Fire Brigade has a remarkable new engine at the Southwark headquarters, specially equipped to quench blazing oil or petrol, against which water is useless. Its 600-gallon tank has two sections, containing respectively an acid and an alkali, which combine near the nozzle of the hose, forming a foam that increases in volume and spreads over a fire like a blanket.—During a stoppage for repairs in mid-Pacific, sailors and passengers of the liner "Antinous" amused themselves by fishing for sharks. Several big fish escaped by cutting the



THE DUKE OF YORK AS ENGINE-DRIVER ON THE WORLD'S SMALLEST RAILWAY: ON THE WAY TO HIS NEW ROMNEY CAMP FOR BOYS.

line or breaking the hook, until a sailor baited a meat-hook attached to a chain-cable. The shark seen in our photograph was thus caught.—The curious little cross between a Kabyle dog and a Saharan fox is one of a series bred by M. Paul Fusz, of Lyon. It is ten months old, and took first prize at a St. Etienne dog show.—The authorities of Inglewood, California, have a court of justice in a motor vehicle to decide on the spot cases of road accident or traffic offences.—The Duke of York recently visited his annual summer camp at New Romney for 400 boys from public schools and industrial life. He drove the first train over the finished portion of the new miniature line between New Romney and Dymchurch.



# THE WORLD'S OLDEST TRIBUNAL, DATING FROM MOSES: THE BETH DIN, OR COURT OF THE CHIEF RABBI.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU. (COPYRIGHTED.)



## DISPENSING JUSTICE AMONG JEWS WITHOUT LAWYERS OR POLICE: THE BETH DIN, THE CHIEF RABBI'S COURT IN LONDON—A "BILL OF DIVORCEMENT": AND OTHER PROCEEDINGS.

The Beth Din, or Court of the Chief Rabbi, in Mulberry Street, Commercial Road, is a form of Jewish tribunal, for religious and civil disputes, dating from the days of Moses and ancient Biblical times. The Court, which consists of the Chief Rabbi himself and five Dayans, or Judges, gives free judgment on cases brought by applicants from all over the world. In a note on his sketches our artist writes: "Beth Din decisions are never disputed by the Jews, and are upheld in all Government courts of justice. The Court never touches criminal cases or offences against the laws of the realm. The Dayans not only give

judgment according to the written Mosaic Laws, but have handed down from time immemorial by word of mouth the oral laws that originated from Moses. The Court operates without lawyers or police." The large drawing shows a divorce case being tried by this Court. The petitioner, a young wife, is standing in the middle before the Chief Rabbi, accompanied by her father and mother. The husband is seated on the left with two relatives. Standing on the left is a scribe reading a bill of divorce. The Chief Rabbi and the five Dayans, or Judges, make a last endeavour to reconcile the parties before giving their decision.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## BOOKS, as they arrive

for review from various publishers, represent a strange medley of subjects, and my first process is to attempt some sort of classification, so that each article may acquire a certain cohesion. This week I have formed a group dealing with different forms of recreation, indoor and outdoor, including sport, games, and hobbies.

Sport was something more than a recreation, however, to the distinguished lady whose career is recorded in "THE SQUIRE OF BENTLEY" (Mrs. Cheape), Memory's Milestones in the Life of a great Sportswoman; by her daughter, Maudie Ellis; with chapters by J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, M.C., and A. S. Barrow ("Sabretache"); illustrated (Blackwood; 21s. net). As the daughter and heiress of one sporting landowner and wife of another, Mrs. Cheape grew up amid the best traditions of country life in England and Scotland, for the family had estates both in Worcestershire and the Highlands. Sport, mainly, but not entirely, in the form of fox-hunting, became her chief interest, and she regarded the hunting-field, and all that went with it, not as a mere amusement, but as a school of character.

"Hunting, and the laws of hunting—written or unwritten," says her daughter, "were to her the finest medium by which to reach her conception of the complete man and the complete woman. . . . My mother furthered her ideals as to the education of children's natures by the lessons she taught out hunting—lessons which included the virtues of courage, unselfishness, consideration towards man and beast, honesty, independence, kindness, and the responsibility of words and conduct."

After inheriting Bentley from her father, Richard Hemming, Mrs. Cheape became popularly known in Worcestershire as "the Squire." She was a famous figure in the hunting world, and was one of the first women to be an M.F.H. In other ways also she was a pioneer among sportswomen, as in the matter of young girls riding astride in breeches and gaiters, and in the adoption of short skirts and sensible clothes by women generally for sporting purposes. Her husband, Colonel George Cheape, introduced polo into this country, and we get here his own account of the first game ever played in England, at Cove Common, Aldershot, by him and other officers of the 10th Hussars. One of his sons was the late Captain Leslie Cheape, the famous international polo player, who was killed in Egypt in 1916.

This was not the only tragic bereavement that Mrs. Cheape endured with fine courage, for she lost another son in the war, and two of her daughters had earlier been drowned at sea. There is a link of tragedy, also, between her life and the family annals of this paper, for her youngest sister's husband, Mr. Walter Ingram, a son of the founder of *The Illustrated London News*, met his death while elephant hunting in East Africa. He had fought in the actions at Abu Klea and Metammeh, and had taken a notable part in the effort to reach Khartoum.

Sadness, however, is not predominant in this biography, but rather a note of steadfast cheeriness, enlivened by many an amusing anecdote. I think, too, I have never read a memoir in which the spirit of filial affection and whole-hearted sincerity was more strongly marked. This quality compensates for a certain lack of skill in the arrangement of material and a tendency to repetition. Moreover, the book is full of sporting interest, and will surely be a welcome addition to the literature of the hunting-field.

Sport of a different and original type is described in "THE ADVENTUROUS BOWMEN," Field Notes on African Archery, by Saxton Pope; with twenty-nine illustrations (Putnam; 10s. 6d. net). The author and his companion, Mr. Arthur Young, came from California to East Africa, and hunted big game with bow and arrow, much in the manner depicted on the funeral furniture of Tutankhamen, except that they rode in a Ford car instead of a chariot, and in place of spearmen were supported by two "mighty hunters" with firearms—Leslie Simson and Stewart Edward White, the American writer—whose function was to save the situation in any desperate emergency.

"In the past ages," writes Dr. Pope, "other men have pursued African game with the bow and arrow. . . . But since the epoch of the Crusades, no archers shooting the English longbow and the broadhead arrow have been in the country. . . . No man has hunted lions with the bow and arrow since the days of the Assyrian kings." The story of their modern imitators is told with much vivacity and candour, and the general picture of life in the bush, and the natural advantages of Kenya and Tanganyika, is very attractive.

The encounters with lions, of course, form the most thrilling part of the book, and the results are summarised

as follows: "Five lions were killed by bow and arrow, absolutely untouched by bullets. Four lions were mortally wounded by our arrows and would have died if left alone, but through mistake or for humane reasons they were dispatched with the gun; none of these animals charged. Two lions were mortally wounded with our arrows, charged, and were shot with the rifle. Three lions were slightly wounded and charged our party. They were killed with rifles. Seven lions charged us while being approached, or having been shot at with arrows but not hit. These were despatched with bullets. . . . We contend that, with the simple addition to our arms of the spear and shield, we would ask no other protection. Circumstances beyond our control prevented us conducting this experiment."

Dr. Pope considers that firearms give the sportsman too much advantage, but that the archer meets game on more equal terms. "All shooting," he writes, "is cruel, though one can gloss over the facts. . . . So far as the arrow is concerned, it is no more painful than the bullet, only more visible. . . . It is the fair contest, the sporting chance, the

net). The author expounds what is termed the cycle system, dividing the racing season into seven periods with a different method of selection and staking for each. I am not enough of a betting man to pronounce on its value, but I suspect that, if any system proved highly successful, there would be an end of betting, or at least of "bookies."

In the wider sense of "sport" are reckoned outdoor games, and every kind of game now has a literature of its own. An admirable specimen of this type of book is "LAWN TENNIS: A METHOD OF ACQUIRING PROFICIENCY," by Major J. C. S. Rendall (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net). The author is well known as an instructor, and his work is recommended by Miss Helen Wills. As a humble exponent of the game I find in it plenty of sound advice; but one little point—of language rather than technique—occurs to me. There is a distinction, I think, between "bounding" and "bouncing" as applied to a ball, but Major Rendall appears to use the word "bound" indiscriminately of both these operations.

Two other little books on my list appeal to people who regard animals not as concomitants of sport, but as domestic pets. Every dog-lover will enjoy the mingled humour and pathos of, "A DOG BOOK," by Katharine Tynan, illustrated (Hutchinson; 4s. 6d. net). The noted Irish poetess and story-writer tells of the many and diverse dogs she has possessed, with some glimpses of her own life and friendships, as with W. B. Yeats, Lionel Johnson, "A. E.," and Alice Meynell. I was especially struck with the stories of Pat, a St. Bernard, recognising a portrait of his mistress and licking her hand in the picture; and of Codger, an Irish terrier, being scared by Pat's ghost.

In describing the Perivale district Mrs. Tynan refers to "Horsden Hill and its inn, the Ballet Box." These names should, I think, be Horsenden and Ballot Box—not that I wish to pose as an authority on the names of public-houses. Nor have I ever been so fond of water and its denizens as to keep an aquarium. If I did, I should certainly consult "GOLDFISH CULTURE FOR AMATEURS," How to Breed and Rear Goldfish in Aquaria and Ponds, by A. E. Hodge, F.Z.S., and Arthur Derham, with photographs and text figures (Witherby; 5s. net). The unfortunate goldfish suffers much from the ignorance of his human owners, and if only for his sake I hope this book will have a wide circulation. It may save him from undeserved chills, indigestion, and other modes of killing by kindness.

Amongst the most prevalent of hobbies I should reckon gardening. Being myself a flat-dweller, I have at present no scope for the practice of horticulture, but if I possessed but a backyard I should seek inspiration for its adornment from "GARDENS FOR TOWN AND SUBURB," by V. N. Solly (Ernest Benn; 15s. net). This is a beautiful and at the same time highly practical book, which every townsman with a garden, large or small, may study with profit. It is delightfully illustrated, with a coloured frontispiece and thirty-nine other full-page plates from photographs. A prefatory quotation from Bacon indicates its author's purpose: "These particulars are for the climate of London; but my meaning is perceived, that you may have 'ver perpetuum,' as the place affords."

Another common hobby is the passion for collecting something or other. Personally, I collect contemporary English coins, but with indifferent success. Collectors of a more æsthetic and less sordid turn of mind will revel in "CHATS ON ENGLISH CHINA," by Arthur Hayden, with 150 illustrations (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net). This popular volume in the "Chats" series of practical handbooks for collectors is written by a former contributor to this paper, who some few years ago used to write for us a weekly article under the heading "Art in the Sale Rooms." His book on china was first published in 1904, and the present issue—to be precise—is the eleventh impression of the fourth edition. This fact in itself proves the abiding value of Mr. Hayden's work. More than this I cannot say, for I am not an expert in these matters. Mine has been a nomadic life, and the pantechnicon is not a good receptacle for precious ware. In a household familiar with "the break-up of china" as an item of domestic news, there is something to be said for the modest mark of an emporium where nothing costs more than sixpence.

C. E. B.



A RELIC OF THE ROMAN LEGIONS IN BRITAIN: A BRONZE CENTAUR, PROBABLY THE TOP OF A MILITARY STANDARD, WASHED UP AT SIDMOUTH, AFTERWARDS LOST, AND RECENTLY RECOVERED.

This Roman bronze figure of a mounted Centaur attacked by an animal was washed up at Sidmouth in 1840, and sent to the Exeter Museum. It was subsequently lost, but has just been rediscovered. Apparently it formed the ornament of a military standard, for beneath is a socket for fixing it to a staff, with a hook for a banner. Major Gordon Home, who sends us the photograph, writes: "The Centaur was the sign of the five Legions which bore the title 'Parthica,' and possibly this bronze belonged to a unit of one of these legions which Septimius Severus may have brought to Britain in A.D. 208. Perhaps it was dropped overboard from a third-century transport. Certainly the rolling among the stones of the Channel bed has worn away or rounded off a good deal of the original detail, and it is now difficult to estimate the quality of the workmanship. What remains of the moulding of the human torso seems good."—[Photograph by W. Weaver Baker, Exeter.]

thrill of the chase, and the conflict of emotion that give sanction to taking animal life."

From the ethics of "blood" sports, which nowadays excite so much discussion, I pass to two little books on sporting pursuits that are bloodless. The young soldier who "would own and ride a 'chaser if it were not for the expense of a trainer's fees" is the type of reader addressed in "TRAINING HORSES FOR RACES," A Handbook for Amateur Beginners, by Captain G. W. L. Meredith, with an Introduction by Lieutenant-Colonel Geoffrey Brooke, D.S.O. (Constable; 4s. 6d. net). Colonel Brooke, who speaks with authority, recommends it as a pioneer "standard work."

Readers for whom the Turf does not necessarily mean sport or physical exercise, but a stimulus to the tempting of fortune, will doubtless be interested in "HOW TO WIN AT RACING," by Bat Masters (Werner Laurie; 2s.





# Sirocco Nights

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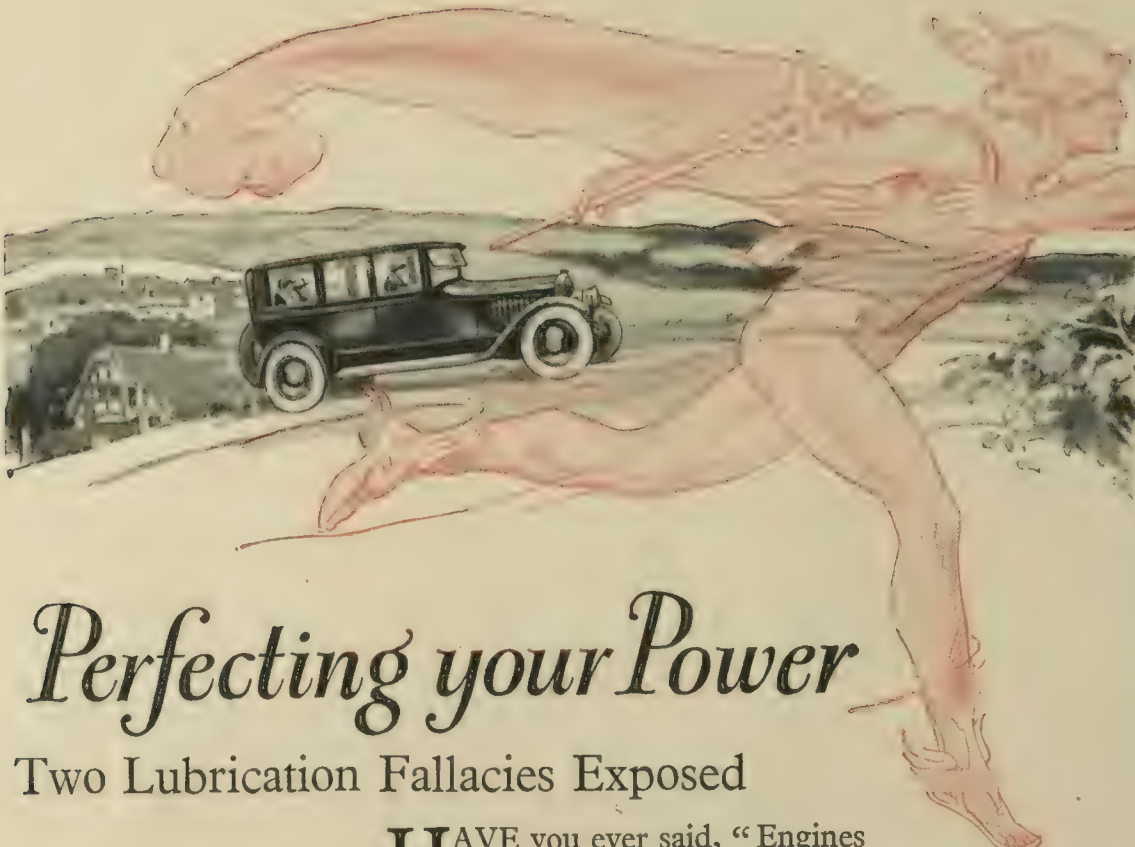
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The handy round sealed can containing one Imperial quart

Hundreds of motor manufacturers the world over endorse the use of Mobiloil—convincing testimony to its quality and reliability.

HAVE you ever said, “Engines are so perfect nowadays that it does not really matter *what* oil is used.” Or, “I drain off the old oil every 1,000 miles, so I’m protected even if I don’t use Mobiloil.” Such statements betray a dangerously wrong attitude towards lubrication.

Certainly, engines are of better design and construction, and materials are of higher grade than they were a few years ago, but to-day high engine speeds are the rule. The higher the engine speed the greater the risks due to friction. Therefore, correct lubrication is of more importance now than ever before.

Frequent crank-case drainage is only *part* of the programme in economical lubrication. Your oil *must* be correct in body : its quality cannot be too high.

For this reason our Board of Engineers studies every individual engine design and the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations is the result—every engine, gearbox and back axle is provided for with a grade of Mobiloil which will give the best possible results under all conditions of service.

### HOW TO BUY

Mobiloil is extensively substituted. For your protection Mobiloil is sold in sealed packages ; for your home garage—the ten or five-gallon Mobiloil tap drum or four-gallon can (the most economical way of buying) ; for touring and emergencies—the round quart can sold by dealers everywhere at practically the price of loose oil.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY LTD



CAXTON HOUSE, LONDON S.W.1

### Chart of Recommendations

(ABRIDGED EDITION)

## MOTOR CARS

The correct grades of Mobiloil for engine lubrication of motor cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart: E means Mobiloil “E” Arc means Mobiloil Arctic A means Mobiloil “A” BB means Mobiloil “BB”

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be expected.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF CAR	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
A.R.C. ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
A.C., 4 Cyl. ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
A.C., 6 Cyl. ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Alvis ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Armstrong-Siddeley ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Anol-Johnston ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin, 20 h.p. ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin (All Other Models) ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 11.9 h.p. ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 12 h.p. ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 14 h.p. ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Benley ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Birk ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Calcott, 12/24 h.p. ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Calcott (All Other Models) ....	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Chevrolet ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chrysler Six and Imperial 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chrysler (All Other Models) ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Citroen, 7.5 h.p. ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Citroen (All Other Models) ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Crosley, 14 h.p. & 18/50 h.p. ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Crosley (All Other Models) ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Daimler, 12 h.p. ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler, 16 h.p. ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler (All Other Models) ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant Rugby ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Fiat, 7 h.p. (Model 509) ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Fiat (All Other Models) ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Ford ....	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Galloway ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
H.E. ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hotchkiss ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Humber, 8 h.p. & 9/20 h.p. ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Humber (All Other Models) ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Jewett ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lagonda ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Dikappa and Tinkappa) ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lancia (All Other Models) ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marine-Cowley ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford, 11.9 h.p. ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford (All other Models) ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Napier ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland, 13.9 h.p. ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland (All Other Models) ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, 11 & 12/20 h.p. ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, Sleeve Valve Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot (All Other Models) ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Renault, 8.3 h.p. ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Renault (All Other Models) ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rolls-Royce ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p. ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rover, 9/20 h.p. ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rover (All Other Models) ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Salmon ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Singer ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 11 h.p. ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 14 h.p. ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Star, 14/40 h.p., 20/50 h.p. & 20/60 h.p. ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Star (All Other Models) ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker (2-wheel Brakes) ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker (4-wheel Brakes) ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sunbeam, 30/90 h.p. ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sunbeam (All Other Models) ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Swift ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot, 18/55 h.p. ....	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB
Talbot (All Other Models) ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Talbot-Darracq, 16 h.p. & 8 Cyl	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Talbot-Darracq (All Other Models)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Unic ....	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Vauxhall 14/40 h.p. ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
23/60 h.p. & 25/70 h.p. ....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall (All Other Models) ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vulcan, 12 h.p. (Side Valve)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vulcan (All Other Models) ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Whitley ....	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A

### GEAR BOX and BACK AXLE

Correct Lubrication recommendations are shown on the complete Chart exhibited in all garages.

### REMEMBER :

Ask for Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say “Give me a quart of ‘A’ or ‘BB’.” Demand Mobiloil “A” or Mobiloil “BB,” or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.



# OUR INDEFATIGABLE PRINCE: SOME OF HIS MANIFOLD ACTIVITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, CENTRAL PRESS, AND FOX PHOTOS.



AT OXFORD, WHERE HE PRESIDED OVER THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: THE PRINCE OF WALES (LEFT) IN MAGDALEN GROUNDS WITH MR. J. E. SMITH (SECRETARY OF THE ASSOCIATION), AND MR. HANSELL (THIRD FROM LEFT), HIS FORMER TUTOR.



AT THE PUBLIC SECONDARY SCHOOLS CADET CAMP AT CHARLTON PARK, CHELTENHAM: THE PRINCE (RIGHT) INSPECTING A TENT.



AMONG THE SCOUTS OF HIS OWN PRINCIPALITY: THE PRINCE OF WALES (SEATED, IN STRIPED BLANKET, CENTRE BACKGROUND) IN THE CAMP-FIRE CIRCLE AT THE WELSH BOY SCOUTS' CAMP AT LLANDRINDOD WELLS, WHERE HE JOINED IN A "SING-SONG."



AS CHIEF SCOUT FOR WALES: THE PRINCE ENTERING THE CAMP-FIRE CIRCLE AT LLANDRINDOD WELLS.

THE SCOUTS OF WALES GIVE THEIR CHIEF AN ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME: WELSH SCOUTS AT LLANDRINDOD WELLS HAULING THE PRINCE'S CAR ON HIS ARRIVAL IN CAMP.

The Prince of Wales, who is ever indefatigable in the performance of his public duties, has been particularly active during the last week or so. On August 4 he presided at the opening of the annual meeting of the British Association, held this year at Oxford, and in the Sheldonian Theatre delivered a very interesting presidential address. It was the first occasion on which a member of the Royal Family had presided since the Prince Consort did so in 1859. The next day the Prince made a tour of a number of the sections, and attended a discussion on the effect of the European impact on Africa and its natives—a subject into which his African

tour gave him much insight. On August 6, as Chief Scout for Wales, he arrived at the first camp on a large scale established for Welsh Scouts, at Llandrindod Wells, where about 1000 boys were living under canvas. The Prince acted as starter and judge in their sports, spent a night in camp, and took part in a "sing-song" round the camp fire. On the following morning he motored to Cheltenham, and visited the camp of the Public Secondary Schools Cadet Association at Charlton Park, where he inspected 1400 of all ranks on parade under Colonel Pearson.



## APPEALING TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AGAINST THE ANGLO-ITALIAN AGREEMENT: ABYSSINIA—IMPRESSIONS OF THE ONLY INDEPENDENT AFRICAN KINGDOM.

By ARIEL L. VARGES.

*Abyssinia has become prominent in public interest by her recent appeal to the League of Nations against the Agreement concluded between Great Britain and*



CURIOUS RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES IN ABYSSINIA: A DANCE OF THE PRIESTS AT ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH DURING THE ADOWA FESTIVAL.

*Italy regarding certain concessions which each desires to obtain from the Abyssinian Government. The British project—one of long standing, sanctioned by the Emperor Menelik in 1902, but delayed by the War—is to build barrages on the Blue Nile (which rises in Lake Tsana and flows through Abyssinian territory) for the purposes of irrigation in the Sudan and Egypt, and the ultimate benefit of the cotton trade. Italy desires to construct a railway through Western Abyssinia, connecting the Italian colony of Eritrea with Italian Somaliland. The object of the Anglo-Italian Agreement was to avoid competition or conflicting aims, and to arrange mutual support in obtaining these concessions. The Abyssinian Government, however, scented ulterior political motives, and the Regent, Ras Tafari, in his appeal to Geneva, suggested possible aggression against Abyssinian independence. Sir Austen Chamberlain has dispelled such fears by his full and frank explanations to the House of Commons, and, while deprecating Abyssinian suspicion, he welcomes the opportunity of vindicating before the League the innocence of British policy. Further illustrations of life in Abyssinia will be given in a later number.*

ABYSSINIA is the one unconquered and largely unknown land of Central Africa which is presented in pictures by the ubiquitous news camera. The country affords a remarkable paradox: here one sees people who practise curious customs hundreds of years old, but have been Christians for 1600 years although surrounded by a sea of pagans. Here one sees the Heir-Apparent and Prince Regent, Ras Tafari Makonnen, G.C.M.G., carrying on his duties as a ruler amid followers of the ancient feudal type, but constantly working for the advancement of his country and for the maintenance of its prestige as the only and last surviving unconquered empire in Africa, surrounded by territory of France, Italy, and Great Britain.

The Abyssinian is a strange personality. He is independent, and gives the visitor the impression of being arrogant and conceited, as he is always to be seen with his inseparable rifle. Never having been defeated since the days of Solomon, he retains the

dominion of his highland plateau with pride in its traditions.

The modernising of the country has started, but it will be a long time before the barbaric habits of an old race will be extinguished. The Abyssinian does not love the Frangi (foreigner), but nevertheless he puts up with him if he is neutral to the security of the State.

Abyssinia has been an interesting field of observation, for here everything is unfamiliar and different from the other countries I have visited. Here the Abyssinian is "top dog," and with a delicate but firm manner he soon confides this idea to the European. However, Ras Tafari affords one special favours as a white man, but the impression is that one is only tolerated. One must admire the Abyssinian, for, after all, as I have already pointed out, his is the only race of all Africa that has its own sovereign rights and is an absolute African Empire.

To most people Abyssinia is a remote, unknown country off the beaten path of visitors. This is an error, because of its geographical situation, surrounded by the colonies of British, French, and Italian Somaliland. There is a metre-gauge railway running from Djoubiti, in French Somaliland, to Addis Ababa, the Abyssinian capital, a distance of 500 miles. The journey takes three days from the sea to the highland plateau of Addis-Ababa, as the train stops at night.

As one gets to understand the Abyssinian better, he shows a sense of humour and a dislike for hard



WITH CEREMONIAL CANOPIES AND UMBRELLAS: A GROUP AT THE DANCE OF PRIESTS BEFORE THE REGENT, RAS TAFFARI.—[Photographs by Ariel L. Varges.]

work. He has indomitable courage and the faculty of self-assertion, which he manifests with a wealth of lung power. Abyssinia being a country where feudal slavery is still carried on, the native chieftain with his armed followers, each carrying a rifle, presents an interesting picture.

Abyssinia's untarnished record of security from conquest is perhaps due to nature, as the altitude of the country, ranging from 9000 to 15,000 feet, makes it untenable by the nomadic tribes of the lowlands because of its effect on the heart action. The climate is a veritable paradise, except during the rainy season, when the country becomes a sea of torrents and of mud.

Prince Ras Tafari, who a year or two ago visited Europe, returned with many new modern ideas which he is executing for the rapid improvement of the country. His advanced ideas are slowly bringing Abyssinia out of a semi-barbaric environment. Tafari is a serious-minded hard worker who is at his job from seven in the morning until ten o'clock at night. The rapid modernisation of his country made him the target for intrigue and sabotage from the orthodox element. One sees new metalled roads taking the place of narrow mule-paths. The ubiquitous Ford also climbs the hills of the capital.

The Abyssinian at first is rather suspicious of the newcomer, but, once he feels that he has your

confidence and that your visit is not political, an open door awaits you. All requests go direct to the Ras for sanction. Ras Tafari receives his visitors in a modern home—his palace. A servant guides them to an ante-room, and then they are ushered into the presence of the Ras, who sits at the end of the room on a long sofa. He arises, shakes hands, and no time is lost in stating one's mission. Tafari is a bearded man with a black moustache and a penetrating gaze. He is deep-thinking and quick at interpretation of one's suggestions. Not too sudden on decision, he considers a new idea before giving a reply.

The Prince Regent lives in a semi-European manner with a charm of its own. During my interview with him the conversation was carried on in French. However, an English-speaking interpreter stands near, and at irregular intervals the conversation is translated to the Ras from English into Abyssinian.

The most impressive and picturesque sight of all Abyssinia is to see the daily visit of Ras Tafari from his palace to that of the Empress (the Gebe). Several thousand barefooted soldiers accompany the Ras, who rides a black mule, the "Rolls Royce" of the highland empire. Some of the escort run ahead, others ramble along in mob disorder. The effect is distinctly Abyssinian, and perhaps the only sight of its kind in the world. The soldiers wear the national dress, the charm of which is the ancient Roman robe. The flowing white piece of cotton worn as a cloak over the shoulder adds colour to the moving scene.

The country is slowly emerging from its barbaric condition, but one may see a murderer being tried, then a few hours later marching under guard to the murderers' field, where two men step forward with rifles and shoot the man through the head. The streets of Addis Ababa are filled with hundreds of diseased dogs that act as the refuse-scavengers for the town council.

A few days in Addis Ababa soon separate one from all communications with the outside world. You feel apart from world interest: the only news available is the summary which the Italian Legation intercept by a small receiving set. Abyssinia has been the home of refuge for Armenians and Greeks for fifty years. It seems singular to see these two races predominating in this off-the-beaten-path country. However, the Abyssinian gave them refuge, as he realised that their settling in the country was to escape persecution from the Turk and not for land-grabbing efforts.



AN ABYSSINIAN MOTHER WITH HER BABY SLUNG ON HER BACK: A GALLA WOMAN AND HER CHILD.



# OPPOSING THE ANGLO-ITALIAN AGREEMENT: THE REGENT OF ABYSSINIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARIEL L. VARGES, "WANDERING" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL CORPORATION OF NEW YORK.



THE REGENT OF ABYSSINIA AS GUARDIAN OF THE CHURCH, WHICH HAS EXISTED THERE FOR 1600 YEARS: HIS HIGHNESS RAS TAFFARI MAKONNEN (SEATED, IN BACKGROUND) IN FRONT OF THE KIDANA MIHRAT CHURCH.



RIDING HIS FAVOURITE MULE: H.H. RAS TAFFARI MAKONNEN, REGENT OF ABYSSINIA AND HEIR TO THE THRONE.



WITH HIS RIFLE ACROSS HIS KNEES: THE REGENT OF ABYSSINIA, WHO HAS APPEALED TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Considerable commotion was caused by the Note recently sent to the Secretariat of the League of Nations, by the Regent of Abyssinia, protesting against the Anglo-Italian Agreement regarding concessions in that country, a document which he described as "concluded without our knowledge." A full statement of the situation was made in the House of Commons the other day by Sir Austen Chamberlain, who showed that there was no cause for Abyssinian uneasiness. "The Notes exchanged between the British and Italian Governments," he said, "were despatched to Abyssinia, but, as the post was a long one, the substance

was at once communicated to our Minister at Addis Ababa, who informed the Abyssinian Government of their character and contents. That information reached the Abyssinian Government before the end of January, the Notes having been signed in the month of December." Ras Taffari, who was born in 1891, is a great-nephew of the late Emperor Menelik. When Melelik's daughter, Zauditu, was nominated Empress in 1916, Ras Taffari was proclaimed heir to the throne. He acts as Regent, and is the virtual ruler of Abyssinia. His aims are progressive, especially since his visit to Europe a few years ago.



## DEFENDERS OF ABYSSINIA "PROUD AND FREE": RAS TAFFARI'S GUARDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARIEL L. VARGES, "WANDERING" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL CORPORATION OF NEW YORK.

1.

IN his note to the League of Nations protesting against the Anglo-Italian Agreement regarding concessions in Abyssinia, the Regent of that country, Ras Tafari, said: "The people of Abyssinia are anxious to do right, and we have every intention of guiding them along the path of improvement and progress; but throughout their history they have seldom met with foreigners who did not desire to possess themselves of Abyssinian territory and destroy their independence. With God's help and the courage of our soldiers we have always, come what might, stood proud and free upon our native mountains. For this reason

(Continued in Box 2.)



ENTERING ADDIS ABABA TO TAKE THEIR TURN AS SOLDIERS IN RAS TAFFARI'S BODY-GUARD: ABYSSINIAN HILLMEN.

2.

prudence is needed when we have to convince our people that foreigners who wish to establish themselves for economic reasons in our country, or on the frontiers between it and their possessions, are genuinely innocent of concealed political aims, and we doubt whether agreements and joint representations, such as those now in question, are the best means of instilling that conviction. . . . We cannot but realise that economic influence and political influence are very closely bound up together, and it is our duty to protest most strongly against an agreement which in our view conflicts with the essential principles of the League of Nations."



RAS TAFFARI'S MODERNISED ABYSSINIAN TROOPS, IN UNIFORMS AND HELMETS OF EUROPEAN TYPE: THE GUARD AT HIS PALACE IN ADDIS ABABA UNDER INSPECTION—PRESENTING ARMS WITH FIXED BAYONETS.



COMPOSED OF ARMENIAN REFUGEE ORPHANS BROUGHT BY RAS TAFFARI FROM EGYPT: THE BAND OF THE ABYSSINIAN GUARDS.



AN INSPECTION OF THE GUARD IN FRONT OF RAS TAFFARI'S PALACE AT ADDIS ABABA: OFFICERS PASSING ALONG THE LINES.

The martial qualities of the Abyssinians are described by the writer of the article on page 302 in this number. "Here on these highland plateaux," he says, "lives a race of people of Semitic origin who for 1600 years have been Christians, and, although surrounded by pagans and infidels, still retain a wonderful record of undefeated resistance to military conquest by any power, white or black. The

Abyssinian is essentially a highlander, who first impresses the newcomer as arrogant, insolent, and conceited. As one gets to understand him better, he shows a sense of humour and a strong dislike for hard work. He has indomitable courage." It may not be out of place to recall that British troops fought with success in Abyssinia in 1868, when the Emperor Theodore was overthrown.



# WHERE A REGENT RULES FOR AN EMPRESS: SCENES IN ABYSSINIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARIEL L. VARGES, "WANDERING" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL CORPORATION OF NEW YORK.



SCENE OF "THE MOST IMPRESSIVE AND PICTURESQUE SIGHT OF ALL ABYSSINIA—THE DAILY VISIT OF RAS TAFFARI"; THE GEBE, PALACE OF THE EMPRESS, AT THE CAPITAL, ADDIS ABABA, WITH A TYPICAL NATIVE CROWD IN THE FOREGROUND.



IN CURIOUS, AND NOT VERY ATTRACTIVE, FEMININE ATTIRE: ABYSSINIAN WOMEN, HEAVILY VEILED, WITH THEIR ESCORT—A TRAVEL SCENE IN THE DOMINIONS OF THE EMPRESS ZAUDITU.

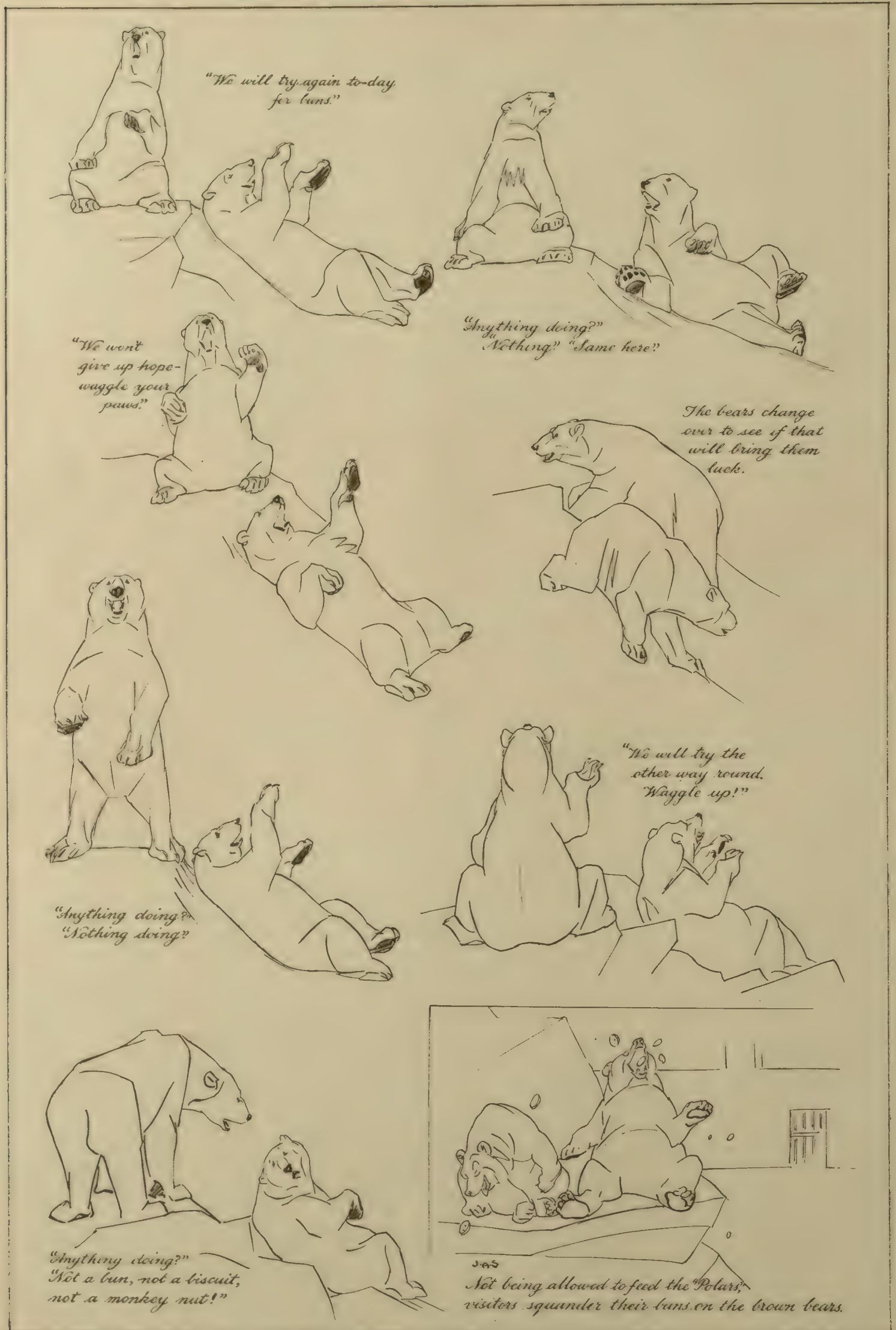
"The most impressive and picturesque sight of all Abyssinia," writes Mr. Ariel L. Varges, in his article on page 302, "is to see the daily visit of Ras Taffari from his palace to that of the Empress (the Gebe). Several thousand barefooted soldiers accompany the Ras, who rides a black mule, the 'Rolls-Royce' of the highland empire. Some of the escort run ahead; others ramble along in mob disorder. The effect is distinctly Abyssinian, and perhaps the only

sight of its kind in the world." On the other hand, the bodyguard (illustrated on page 304) has modern uniform and equipment. Ras Taffari, the Regent, practically rules the country on behalf of the Empress. Of her accession, we read in the "Statesman's Year Book": "On September 27, 1916, Lij Yasu (a son of Menelik) was deposed by public proclamation, and Waizeru Zauditu, a daughter of Menelik, born 1876, was nominated Empress."



## HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XXII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



## DEPRIVED OF THEIR BUNS "BY ORDER": THE SAD PLIGHT OF THE POLAR BEARS.

"Feeding the Polar Bears is strictly prohibited," writes Mr. J. A. Shepherd. "We believe that it was not always so, but now it is not allowed. All the same, visitors with buns to burn ignore the notice—until the keeper appears—but who could ignore the bears' fascinating appeal for buns? One reclines on the slope, a much-coveted pitch, and the other seats itself on the rock on top. They wave and waggle

their paws, probably to keep their balance, but the effect is extremely ludicrous. In their excitement for notice the waggle and wave increases and gets more agitated; it is really most amusing. Now the keeper appears—sad for the bears—draws attention to the notice, and suggests that the visitors should move further along the terrace and give their buns to the brown bears."





*"It was to these attendants that Dumbiedikes addressed himself pretty nearly in the following words . . . temporal and spiritual matters . . . being strangely jumbled . . .*

*" 'These are sair times wi' me . . . Jock . . . it's a debt we maun a' pay . . . I was never gude at paying debts in my life . . . Mr. Novit, ye'll no' forget to draw the annual rent . . . Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may aye be sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping'."*

HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

The thrift of the Seventeenth Century Scot is nowhere better exemplified than in the Old Laird's advice to his son. Thrift is mainly a matter of attention to detail. And it is attention to all the details of good distilling which makes Black & White so worthy, so kindly, and so positively good a whisky. The Old Laird of Dumbiedikes was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

# BLACK & WHITE

## SCOTCH WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd    Scotch Whisky Distillers

London & Glasgow.





## Mid-Season Secrets.

shade of raspberry bordered with chocolate fox and embroidered with a large flat velvet rose at each side in a darker nuance.

**Knitted Fashions.** Wherever you are and whatever month it may be, knitted suits and coats are always fashionable. Already the new season's models are to be found at Debenhams and Freebody's Wigmore Street, W., and amongst them the prominence of the stockinette jumper suit is significant. Some are trimmed with velvet, a new alliance; others with ermine; and a third variation has the jumper covered with appliqué motifs of felt in two contrasting colours, outlined with gold thread. These are especially effective, the colour schemes being quite fascinating; and, surprisingly enough, the price is only 7½ guineas. Then there are jumper suits in several styles trimmed with crêpe-de-Chine offered at the moderate sum of 99s. 6d.; one is pictured above. Cashmere cardigans for the moors are also an important feature just now. The one illustrated is knitted with an effective "three-cornered" design, and there are other coats reproducing the patterns and colourings of tweeds and homespun. The latter are 2 guineas each, and real cashmere coats range from 79s. 6d. New sports hats in soft materials are obtainable from 21s., some designed on the eye-shade, with a peak to protect folded beret crown.

Velvet Ventures  
Everywhere.

It is a safe prophecy that velvet will be of great importance during the winter. The word "velvet" or that heavy material which was its richness and latterly discarded weight. The modern velvet (and new chiffon velveteen, which is alive and has an equally rich surface) light, and drapes and tailors in addition it does not rub or spot. Of these materials are fashioned the new autumn hats, small toques with folded crowns, and even a few wide-brimmed models. There are very effective tailored suits with skirts of black-and-white striped suiting, and coats of chiffon-finished velveteen, each complete with a gay buttonhole, available at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., for 8½ guineas, a special feature of the season. Velvet as a trimming is also much in vogue, and Miss Eve Gray at the Garrick Theatre wears a lovely silk coat in the new

## Beach Outfits for Little People.

**Beach Outfits for Little People.** More than half the kiddies' happiness at the seaside depends on how they are dressed. They need practical clothes in which they may romp at ease, and bathing dresses and paddling suits are indispensable items of their equipment. Both pretty and practical are the outfits of the sturdy little people

*This pretty jumper suit in green stockinette banded with crepe-de-Chine is remarkably inexpensive at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. On the right is a cashmere cardigan coat from the same salon knitted in a striking three-cornered design of several hues.*

pictured below, which were sketched at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. The stockinette bathing suits are delightfully original, one embroidered with a huge white crab, another with a small diving figure, and a third in black with bright yellow panels at the sides. Meridian bathing suits which will not shrink are obtainable from 6s. 11d., and paddlers in all shades can be secured from 2s. 6d., sizes two to six. Charming little frocks with knickers to match are available for 8s. 11d. in linen, and from 10s. 9d. in fancy cotton materials; while hand-knit jackets and caps are from 18s. 9d.—cosy outfits for more chilly weather.

**New Ciro Salons**  
in Scotland.

now that it is an opportune moment to broadcast a reminder that the enterprising creators of *Ciro Pearls* have just opened much more extensive and beautiful showrooms at Glasgow. The new *Ciro* salons are at 95, Buchanan Street, close to their previous premises. *Ciro pearls* replicas of the deep-sea gems, and lack delicacy of tone, shape, and texture. They are produced with wonderful skill by a corresponding to the gradual formation of a deep-sea gem, a complete necklet, sixteen pearls only one guinea.



*Building castles in the sand is a splendid game, and these little people are fortunate in their sensible outfits, which come from Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. The bathing suits are of stockinette embroidered with crabs and tiny figures; on the left is a washable frock with knickers to match; and in the centre are rubber "paddlers."*



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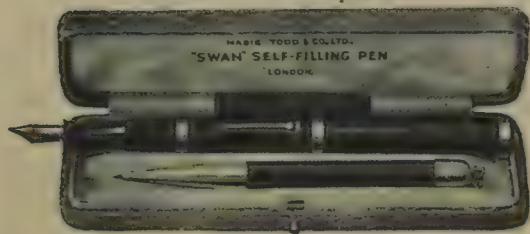
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

### ADVANTAGES OF RETAINING THE OLD CAR, AND SOME DESIRABLE IMPROVEMENTS.

**A**LTHOUGH I daresay manufacturers as a whole will not be inclined to agree with me, I have found, in the course of a more or less well-spent motoring life, that there are certain very practical



IN PICTURESQUE SURROUNDINGS: A 20-70 DAIMLER SALOON, PAINTED IN WHITE CELLULOSE, WITH BLACK WINGS AND VALANCES.

advantages about keeping a car for a number of years, instead of buying a new one at frequent intervals. You find out how to improve it so that, in certain important directions, it is as good as, if not better than, the latest type—at all events, for your own purposes. I have, for example, improved my own car (at least, in my own opinion—which, after all, is the only one which matters), and I have made it considerably more comfortable in the opinion of those who frequently sit in it.

In this connection I am not speaking of cars which are sold at a very low price, because it is perfectly

Let us examine an average car costing, say, £1000—or rather, a representative selection of them—fitted with the bodies and equipment as sold to the public. Where, as is generally the case to-day, the brake and gear levers are centrally situated, is it not a fact that you will usually find that they are only in a really comfortable position for people of more or less a certain length of leg and arm? Even sliding seats do not always correct this, especially in a large car where the front seat is of a generous width, as all front seats should be, capable of holding three at a squeeze. I have not yet seen any car fitted with the central gear lever capable of being hinged inwards to suit the driver of small measurements; and I have only come across one car out of, I believe, all the cars on the British market to-day which has a steering-wheel with a telescopically adjustable position. This latter is really an important point. If you have long legs, like myself, it is nearly always impossible, with a fixed length of steering column, to have the wheel and the pedals equally comfortable for your hands and feet.

Then there is that fitting which we all really rather dislike and never say much about—the windscreen. To my mind, the best pattern of all is a single panel, framed only on the sides and hinged at the bottom, so that it has all positions between upright and nearly horizontal when it touches the steering-wheel. This is the cheapest and the clearest form of screen; and if the forward edge of your hood inside carries padding, it will be absolutely draught-proof when it touches it. If you insist, however, on having the double-panel type, I think you should make it a point to have the bottom half hinged at the bottom, so as to swing inwards or outwards as well as the top half. This will enable you to drive in rain with more or less comfort, and also in hot weather, when you can deflect a very strong draught straight down on to your feet, where it is usually most needed.

There are few complaints, on the whole, to be levelled against the average decently designed chassis. Most things nowadays are really accessible; but there remain one or two extraordinarily primæval ones, to which I have no doubt automobile historians in years to come will refer very acidly. I think that it is only right, when you have paid, let us say, over £500 for a car which is the outcome of twenty-five years' unremitting labour in design on the part of goodness knows how many automobile geniuses, that you should be able to demand, and get, a civilised way of emptying your engine of its used oil. I do not know what the proportion is to-day of the cars in which, in order to change the oil, you, or somebody hired by you, must crawl on his back under the car and get revoltingly dirty and uncomfortable in order to unscrew a plug from which the used oil gushes in a black and ruinous Niagara, but I think I am right in saying that it is a very large one. I don't ask in any malicious mood why we should not have a perfectly safe and simple tap, easily operated from a decent position somewhere above. There are cars so fitted, and I knew one as long ago as 1912. Don't you agree with

me, Owner Driver, that this kind of thing, this earthworm work to carry out the simplest of all the jobs which have to be done with the motor-car engine, is one of our main quarrels with the manufacturer, who says that he does his best for us? And, while we are about it, what secret

law in motor manufacturing prevents us having a petrol-tank which can be emptied quickly and easily? And why should we not have at the top of the tank a hole large enough to allow our hand and arm to get inside, explore every corner, and with our searching fingers pluck out those bits of wool and handfuls of paint and various junk which appear to be put into the tank of every single new car turned out? Are we asking too much? And is the answer another question—Is it possible to ask too much?

Remembering that our price for the car which is



MOTORING IN THE NEW FOREST: A 15-9 HOTCHKISS WEYMAN SALOON NEAR LYNDDHURST.

to have these, to my mind, very simple additional details is £1000, I really do not think that I am asking too much. They could be had on cars costing a good deal less. Leaving out the variable gear and brake levers, and telescopic steering-wheel, I think you will find that you can at a moderate cost improve your car with the other things I have described. I believe that a competent mechanic, with his heart in his work, could fix you up with a sump-emptying tap which would work perfectly well; and for my own part, if I were buying a new car to-day, I would specially order a petrol-tank such as I have described.

Anyhow, anybody can improve their new car to-day by adding the following three things—a driving mirror which shows you at the very least half the width of the road behind you; an automatic windscreen wiper which always works; and a lifting-jack with a big range, a very quick motion, and a demand for very small effort. I personally have had these for three years, but I have never yet had the luck to find them all three on any car of any price or any nationality, unless that car had been specially fitted. This is a very strange saying, but it is true.



THE DUKE OF YORK'S NEW CAR: A 21-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER, WITH WEYMAN ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE BODY.

This is the second Lanchester car purchased by the Duke of York, the other being a 40-h.p. six-cylinder model. The body of the new car was designed and built by Messrs. Gurney Nutting and Co., Ltd., of Chelsea. The car seats six, including the driver. All the windows are of Triplex safety glass. Recessed tool-boxes are carried under the step-board, and each of the rear doors has a folding step.



THE R.A.F. FLIGHT TO ALEXANDRIA: ONE OF THE SUPERMARINE-NAPIER FLYING-BOATS TAKING IN "SHELL" AT NAPLES.

Following the successful flight carried out by the Royal Air Force with four Fairey-Napier machines from Cairo to Cape Town and back to England, the British Air Ministry recently despatched two Supermarine-Napier Southampton flying-boats to Alexandria and back. The above photograph shows one of the machines being filled with "Shell" in Naples Bay. The high opinion held by the British Air Ministry of the Napier engine is indicated by the fact that the two big flights this year have been undertaken with machines fitted with this famous engine.

obvious that the things that you and I can do to them after we have bought them, or the things we might advise the makers to do before they sell them, are things which would have a very bad effect on a balance-sheet. I am thinking at the moment more of the kind of car for which you pay a minimum of about £700, and for which some people will pay as much as, or a good deal more than, £3000.



# Winning for Britain



Miss M. B. Carstairs at the helm of "Newg," the 1½-litre boat in which she won for Great Britain the Duke of York's International Trophy.

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1926—OUR CENTENARY YEAR



## THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN, before going to Balmoral, arranged to spend a long week-end with Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles at Goldsborough Hall.

Her Majesty enjoyed her stay at Cowes, the weather having been beautiful, and the Island, about which she made many expeditions, looking its very greenest, freshest, and best. The King sailed each day in the *Britannia*, one of the great, stately, lovely yachts that are in the big class. There were some big yachts in the Roads, particularly the *Saphire*, with Mrs. Urban Broughton and

TO BE AT DUNROBIN FOR PART OF THE SEASON: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Portrait Study by Bertram Park.

party on board. The *Sonia* was there also for a time, although her owner, who was in her at Cowes last year, has gone West, and she is now the property of Sir Frederick Berry. There was the usual assemblage of yachts-people at Cowes, and women much appreciated the gallantry of the members of the R.Y.S. in providing them with an annexe close by the Squadron. Many guests came in from all parts of the Island and from the mainland, and, skirts being quite taboo in the Squadron Castle, there was no place for guests of our sex to repair the ravages of road or sea, rest, or have a meal. It was said that the dressing-room did not afford room for six "lip-sticks." That was decidedly a libel. The ball-room of the house has been luxuriously furnished as a lounge, with writing-tables and comfortable

chairs, and it makes a delightful place in which women can write, rest, leave cloaks and impedimenta, and wait while cars or launches come to carry away themselves and their possessions. That this innovation was much appreciated was proved by a large number of signatures in the book.

Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, a fine, tall, well-set-up, handsome young man, was in the Squadron Gardens from time to time, but mostly was away sailing in his six-metre yacht for the prizes in that class. He was several times the guest of the King and Queen on the *Victoria and Albert*. Like our Prince of Wales, he



A SKILFUL STALKER AND EXPERT ANGLER: THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

Portrait Study by Bertram Park.

dislikes fuss, and was quite pleased that he was not generally recognised, although many got to know his appearance before the week was over. There was the usual embarkation of people to sign their names in the book on the royal yacht. Lord and Lady Jellicoe got a run out in a friend's launch and came back in a royal one.

The Secretary of State for the Dominions, looking more like a jolly sailor man than a Cabinet Minister, was with

Mrs. Amery, racing each day, on the *Westward*, with her owner, Mr. Davis, who flies his Union of South Africa flag, and was accompanied by a charming wife, a pretty daughter, and a handsome, stately sister. They all love the *Westward*, and she is a beautiful boat, the only schooner of the big five. Lord and Lady Birkenhead were often ashore, usually accompanied by their two daughters, Lady Eleanor and Lady Pamela Smith. Lord Birkenhead had a chat occasionally with his fellow-Minister, Mr. Amery.

About the most picturesque yacht of them all is *Fantome II*, an old-world barque to all appearance, but fitted with all up-to-date luxuries, and with a powerful auxiliary motor. She has, of course, been round the world with the family on board. It was no unusual sight at Cowes to see the Misses Guinness go surfing and swim back to the yacht with ease and grace. One saw the green launch of the *Shamrock* shoot by, with its green symbol on a yellow ground at the bow, and the flag of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club astern, taking Sir Thomas Lipton to the Royal London Yacht Club.



THE WIFE OF SIR VICTOR WARRENDER: LADY WARRENDER.

Portrait Study by Bertram Park.

[Continued overleaf.]



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**FLYING SCOTSMAN**





Continued.]

reached by motor-car in less than an hour from the Castle. The Duchess is skilful with the rod, and a pretty grouse-shot, taking her right and left birds with her two cartridges, and shooting clean at that.

The Marchioness of Londonderry, now showing her talent as an author in the Life of her father, the late Viscount Chaplin, brother-in-law of the late Duke of Sutherland, is a fine sportswoman. Sutherlandshire was her girlhood's home, as she was constantly with her father at Dunrobin. Lord and Lady Londonderry have again this season taken Loch Choire from the Duke of Sutherland. Lady Londonderry is a skilful stalker, and can successfully ply the rod. She can, and does, shoot grouse, but prefers stalking. Her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare, is devoted to sport too. She is a good sailor, and handles her own boat, as does the Duchess of Sutherland. She dives and swims like a fish, and drives a motor-car. Dunrobin was her childhood's chief home. She trained for a year in a London hospital, and during the war served with the Red Cross in Serbia. For a time she was lost to her friends here, and was taken prisoner by the Austrians, who treated her very chivalrously. Lady Warrender is a good sportswoman, and quite a neat grouse-shot. Sir Victor Warrender will be again this season, as he was last, at Ceannacroc. This is a first-rate sporting place in Inverness-shire, with stags, grouse, salmon, and trout. Lady Warrender, too, will have a fine house in which to entertain her friends, and a house very beautifully situated. Lady Kent will be at Guisachan in Inverness-shire, a very fine forest with a large and up-to-date house suited for entertaining. Lady Stephenson Kent is a well-known hostess, and is the wife of Sir Stephenson Kent.

A. E. L.

"The Gentlewoman" and "Modern Life," having been acquired by "Eve," appeared for the last time as a separate journal on August 6th. From that date onwards it becomes incorporated in "Eve, the Lady's Pictorial."

The latest pencil is the Waterman's "Ripple-Rubber," a worthy companion of the famous Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. By a secret process, a beautiful ripple effect has been secured in black and red—with the red slightly predominating. It is priced at 7s. 6d. or, with gold band, 10s. 6d.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

P J WOOD (Wakefield).—Thanks for letter and enclosure. We can, however, scarcely venture on another of the same type for a long time to come, although we think it is a class of which more might be seen in modern composition.

OSWALD BATEMAN (Middletown).—We are sorry we did not make the reasons for Black's surrender sufficiently clear, but we thought the position arrived at would fully explain itself. The game cannot be saved on account of the continuation 15. —P takes Kt; 16. B takes R P (ch), K takes B; 17. Q to R 5th (ch), and wins.

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—Your correction came to hand just too late to stop the notice to you in our last issue. We trust it did not hurt your feelings.

W CARMICHAEL (Toronto).—It is interesting to learn you are finding pleasure in our columns of so long ago. We should like to think that fifty years hence someone will say the same of these of to-day.

O T BLANKINSIP, M.D. (Richmond, Va.).—Your "very clever" try for No. 3982 is one that has led some of our best solvers astray. It is certainly more problematic in character than the author's solution.

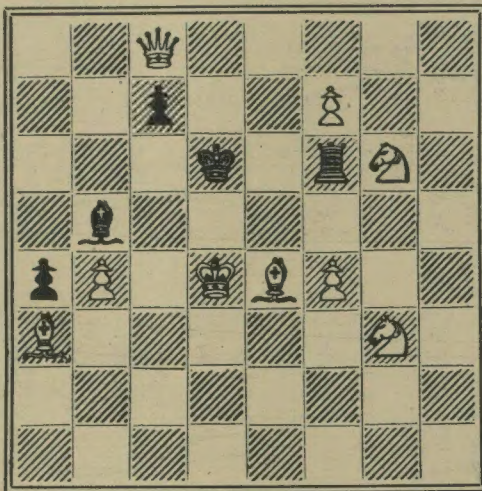
J EDWARDS (Cardiff).—There is neither omission nor oversight; but there is the possible alternative that you have not got the right key to the problem.

C B S (Canterbury).—Its reception was sufficiently good to warrant your trying again. We shall be pleased to consider any further composition you care to submit.

JOHN HANNAN (Newburgh, N.Y.).—The purpose of the two pawns you challenge in No. 3982 is only seen when you have mastered the scrupulous methods of the composer. The White Pawn at Q Kt 7th is to prevent the Black Queen going to Q B sq, when White can mate either by Q to Q 6th or K to Q R 4th (dis ch); and the Black Pawn at Q R 2nd prevents the Q playing to R 2nd or R sq, after which White can mate either at Q 6th or Q B 6th.

PROBLEM No. 3985.—By C. R. B. SUMNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3981 received from O F Blankinsip, M.D. (Richmond, Va.), and J E Houseman (Chicoutimi); of No. 3982 from John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.); of No. 3983 from A Edmeston (Worsley), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), H Burgess (St. Leonards), J M K Lupton (Richmond), J Barry Brown (Nares, Kildare), and V G Walrod (Haslingden); and of No. 3984 from J Barry Brown (Kildare), M E Jowett (Grange-on-Sands), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), J Hunter (Leicester), J B Beresford (Chapel-en-le-Frith), H Burgess (St. Leonards), J P S (Cricklewood), L W Cafferata (Farndon), E J Gibbs (East Ham), R B N (Tewkesbury), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), A Edmeston (Worsley), C B S (Canterbury), W Byas (R.A. Mess, Woolwich), H W Satow (Bangor), S Caldwell (Hove), J T Bridge (Colchester), P J Wood (Wakefield), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3983.—By A. NEWMAN.

WHITE

1. Q to Q 7th
2. Kt to Q B 4th
3. Q mates.

BLACK

K takes R  
Anything

If 1. —P takes R, 2. Q to K 7th (ch), etc; if 1. —P to Kt 5th, 2. Q to K B 5th (ch) etc; if 1. —P to Q B 5th, 2. Q to K 7th (ch), followed by Kt mates; if 1. —K to B 3rd, 2. Q to B 7th (ch), followed by R mates.

A rather easy key here hides some features that merit attention. White's opening play threatens absolutely nothing; the position is a pure block. To each possible move Black can make—bar the dual action of the pawn at Kt 4th—there is a separate and different mate. Finally, each of White's pieces, in one variation or another, has the duty of administering mate. The problem is really a fine example of the art of economy in construction.

## CHESS IN AUSTRIA.

Game played in the International Chess Masters' Tournament at Semmering, between Messrs. R. SPIELMANN and A. NIEMZOWICH.  
(Greco Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)

BLACK (Mr. N.)

1. P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt takes P
4. P to Q 4th
5. Kt to B 4th
6. Kt to B 3rd
7. P to Q 5th
8. B to K 3rd
9. Q to Q 4th
10. Kt to Q 2nd
11. P takes P (en passant)
12. Q to B 4th (ch)
13. Castles
14. P to B 3rd
15. Kt takes Q P
16. Q takes Kt
17. P takes P

Constituting the Greco Counter Gambit. It is condemned by all modern authorities as unsound, but players characterised by dash and brilliancy have ventured upon it from time to time. Probably its adoption here is a case in point, for Black had a strong motive to win.

So far the moves are all from the book; but with White's next stroke, both players are thrown on their own resources.

By masterly strategy Black has now delivered himself from the incubus of a defective opening, and can at least equalise the game by 17. Q takes P (ch), if

he cannot better it by Kt to Q Kt 5th. The text move loses just sufficient time to turn the scales against him.

18. B to Q 3rd B to K B 4th.  
19. B takes B R takes B.  
20. Q to B 4th

White has stemmed the attack with excellent judgment, and it is worth noting that he can place his Queen with impunity in the line of a masked battery.

21. Q to K Kt 4th Q to B 2nd.  
22. K R to Kt sq Kt to Kt 5th.  
23. P to B 3rd Kt takes P (ch).  
24. K to Kt sq P to Kt 5th.  
25. B to Q 4th

The tide now turns; but it must be admitted Black does nothing to retard it.

26. P to Q B 4th B to Kt 4th.  
27. Kt to K 4th Q to Kt 3rd.  
28. Q takes B

A magnificent coup-de-grâce, with an irresistible ending.

28. R takes Q  
29. R takes R Q to B 2nd.  
30. Kt to Q 6th Q takes K B P.  
31. B takes P (ch) K to Kt sq.  
32. B to K 5th (ch) K to B sq.  
33. R to B 5th (ch) Q takes R.  
34. Kt takes Q R takes P.  
35. R to Q 8th (ch) Resigns.

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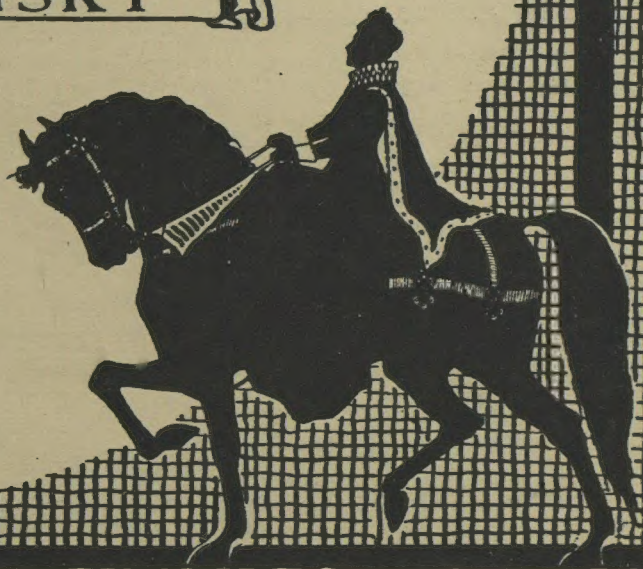
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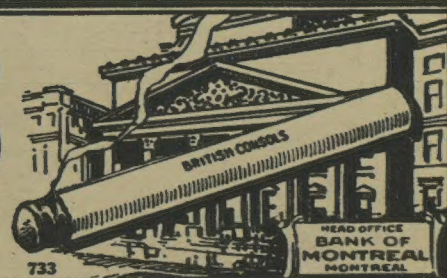


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